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IVÁN TURGÉNIEFF

VOLUME IX

VIRGIN SOIL

PART II

THE NOVELS AND STORIES OF
IVÁN TURGÉNIEFF

VIRGIN SOIL

PART II

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN BY
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VIRGIN SOIL

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PART SECOND

XXIII

THE glow of dawn was already beginning in the sky when, on the night following the dinner at Golúshkin's, Solómin, having briskly walked about five versts, tapped at the wicket-gate in the tall fence which surrounded the factory. The watchman immediately admitted him —and accompanied by three watch-dogs, of the sheep-dog breed, who wagged their shaggy tails in broad sweeps, conducted him with solicitous respect to his detached wing.—He was, evidently, delighted at the safe return of his superior.

"What made you come home by night, Vasíly Feodótitch? We did not expect you until to-morrow."

"Never mind, Gavrílo; it is pleasanter walking by night."

Good, although not altogether usual, relations existed between Solómin and the factory-hands; they respected him as their superior—and they treated him like an equal, like one of themselves: only, he was knowing in their eyes!—"What Vasíly Feodótoff has said,"—they were wont to explain,—"is sacred! for he has passed through

all wisdom—and there is n't an Englishman alive whom he cannot outdo!"—As a matter of fact, an important English manufacturer once visited the factory; and, either because Solómin talked English with him,—or because he really was struck by his knowledge,—he slapped him on the shoulder, and laughed, and invited him to go to Liverpool with him;—and to the factory-hands he said, in his broken Russian: "This is a good man you have here! Ou! good!" . . at which the hands laughed a good deal in their turn, not without pride: "See now, that 's what our fellows all like!—And he 's one of us!"

And he really was theirs—and one of them.

Early the next morning, his favourite, Pável, entered Solómin's room; he waked him, gave him washing materials, made some remark, narrated some fact, asked some question. Then they hastily drank tea together—and Solómin, drawing on his greasy, grey working-jacket, went off to the factory—and his life began to revolve again, like a huge fly-wheel.

But a new stoppage was decreed.

Five days after Solómin's return home a handsome little phaëton, drawn by four fine horses, drove into the factory-yard,—and a lackey, clad in yellowish-grey livery, on being conducted by Pável to the wing, solemnly handed to Solómin a letter with an armorial seal—from "His Excellency, Borís Andréevitch Sipyágin."—In that

letter, which was scented, not with perfumes—fie! —but with a certain remarkably decorous English odour, and written—although in the third person—yet not by a secretary, but by the hand of the General himself, the enlightened owner of the church-village of Arzhánoe, after first making his apologies for addressing a man who was personally a stranger to him,—but concerning whom he, Sipyágin, had heard very flattering accounts,—took upon himself "the liberty" to invite to his country-place Mr. Solómin, whose advice would be of extraordinary value to him, Sipyágin, in a certain industrial enterprise; and in the hope of an amiable assent on the part of Mr. Solómin—he, Sipyágin, had sent an equipage for him.—But, in case Mr. Solómin should find it impossible to absent himself on that particular day, he, Sipyágin, respectfully requested Mr. Solómin to appoint any other day which would be agreeable to him,—and he, Sipyágin, would gladly place that same equipage at the disposal of Mr. Solómin. Then followed the customary declarations,—and, at the end of the letter there was a postscript, this time in the first person. "I hope that you will not refuse to lunch with me *informally,* in your sack-coat." (The word "informally" was underlined.) Along with this letter, the pale-grey liveried lackey, with a sort of perturbation, apparently, also handed to Solómin a simple note from Nezh-

dánoff, which was not sealed, but merely gummed together, and which contained only a few words: "Pray come, you are greatly needed here—and you may be of use;—only, of course, not to Mr. Sipyágin."

On reading Sipyágin's letter, Solómin thought: "And how was I to go, except informally? I have no dress-coat at the mill. . . And what the devil should I run off there for . . . . and merely waste time!"—but, on glancing over Nezhdánoff's note, he scratched the back of his head, and walked to the window, irresolutely.

"What answer are you pleased to give?"—inquired the light-grey lackey with stateliness.

Solómin stood for a while longer at the window—and at last shook back his hair, and passing his hand across his brow, he said:

"I will go.—Give me time to change my clothes."

The lackey decorously withdrew, and Solómin gave orders that Pável should be summoned, had a talk with him, ran over to the factory once more—and, donning a black coat, with a very long waist, which had been made for him by a country tailor, and a somewhat rusty tall hat, which immediately imparted to his face a wooden expression, he seated himself in the phaëton—but suddenly remembered that he had not taken any gloves with him; shouted for the "omnipresent" Pável, and the latter brought him a pair of

freshly-washed white chamois-leather gloves, each finger of which, widening out toward the end, resembled a biscuit. Solómin thrust the gloves into his pocket, and said that they might start. Then the lackey, with a sort of unexpected, utterly superfluous fool-hardiness, sprang to the box—the well-drilled coachman gave a falsetto whistle—and the horses set out on a run.

While they were gradually bringing Solómin nearer and nearer to Sipyágin's estate—that statesman, seated in his drawing-room, with a political pamphlet, whose leaves were only half-cut, on his knees, was talking about him to his wife. He assured her that he had merely sent for him, in order to try whether he could not lure him away from the merchant's factory to his own, as the latter was getting into a wretched condition, and required radical reforms!—Sipyágin did not care to dwell upon the thought that Solómin might refuse to come, or might even appoint another day, notwithstanding the fact that in his own letter to Solómin he had given him the choice of a day.

"But ours is a writing-paper factory, not a cotton-spinning factory,"—remarked Valentína Mikhaílovna.

"It makes no difference, my dear: there are machines there,—and machines here . . . and he is a mechanic!"

"But perhaps he is a specialist!"

"My dear, in the first place—there are no specialists in Russia; and, in the second place—I repeat to thee: he is a mechanic!"

Valentína Mikhaílovna smiled.

"See here, my friend; thou hast had no luck once before with young men; I trust thou art not about to make a second mistake!"

"Dost thou refer to Nezhdánoff?—But, it strikes me that I have attained my object: he is a good rehearsal-tutor for Kólya. And then, thou knowest: *non bis in idem!* Pray pardon me for my pedantry. . . That means, that the same thing does not happen twice."

"Dost thou think so?—But *I* think that every thing on earth repeats itself . . . especially that which is in the nature of things . . . . and especially among young people."

"*Que voulez vous dire?*"—asked Sipyágin, flinging his pamphlet on the table with a circular gesture.

"*Ouvrez les yeux—et vous verrez!*"—replied Madame Sipyágin; of course, they called each other "you" in French.

"Hm!"—ejaculated Sipyágin.—"Dost thou mean the student?"

"Yes."

"Hm!—has anything developed in him . . . . here?" (He fluttered his hand around his forehead.) "Hey?"

"Open thine eyes!"

"Marianna? Hey?"—(The second "Hey?" was uttered more through his nose than the first.)

"Open thine eyes, I tell thee!"

Sipyágin frowned.

"Well, we will look into that later on.—But now, I have only one thing to say. . . . That Solómin will, in all probability, be somewhat embarrassed . . . well, it is easy to understand he is n't used to things.—So we must be particularly affable with him . . . in order not to frighten him. I am not saying that for thy benefit; thou art—genuine gold; and thou canst fascinate any one thou wishest, in a twinkling.—*J'en sais quelque chose, madame!*—I am saying this for the benefit of others;—now, for instance, for the benefit of that. . . ."

He pointed to a fashionable, grey hat which lay on the étagère: that hat belonged to Mr. Kallomyeítzeff, who had been in Arzhánoe since the morning.

"*Il est très cassant,* as thou knowest; he greatly despises the common people, ... which is a thing that I . . . . condemn! Moreover, I have noticed in him, for some time past, a certain irritability, a quarrelsome disposition. . Are not his affairs—*there*—" (Sipyágin nodded his head in an indefinite direction, ... but his wife understood him)—"going well? Hey?"

"Open thine eyes—I tell thee again."

Sipyágin half-rose.

"Hey?"—(That "Hey?" was of an entirely different quality, and in a different tone . . . a much lower tone.)—"So that's it! How could I have failed to see through them long ago!"

"That is thine affair;—and as for this new young man of thy—if only he come to-day—there is no need for thee to be anxious on his account; all precautionary measures will be taken."

And what happened? It turned out that no precautionary measures whatever were required: Solómin was not in the slightest degree embarrassed or frightened.—When the servant announced him Sipyágin immediately rose, said loudly, so that his words were audible in the anteroom: "Ask him in! ask him in, of course!"—advanced to the drawing-room door, and stood close in front of it. As soon as Solómin had crossed the threshold, Sipyágin, whom he had come near running into, offered him both hands, and displaying his teeth in an affable smile, and lolling his head, saying cordially—"how good of you . . . how grateful I am to you"—he led him to Valentína Mikhaílovna.

"This is my little wife,"—he said, softly pressing Solómin's back with his palm—and, as it were, pushing him forward to Valentína Mikhaílovna,—"and here, my dear, is our leading mechanician and factory-expert of these parts. Vasíly . . . Feodósyevitch Solómin."—Madame

Sipyágin rose, and with a beautiful upward sweep of her wonderful eyelashes, she first smiled at him—good-naturedly, as at an acquaintance; then offered him her hand, palm upward, pressing her elbow to her waist, and inclining her head on the side toward her hand . . . as though she were a suppliant. Solómin allowed the husband and wife to play off all their little tricks before him, shook his hand, and hers,—and seated himself at the first invitation. Sipyágin began to feel uneasy—did not he want something? But Solómin replied that he wanted nothing, that he was not in the least fatigued by the journey—and was entirely at his service.

"In that case, may I ask you to be so good as to come to my factory?"—he exclaimed, as though conscience-stricken, and not daring to believe in so much condescension on the part of his visitor.

"At once, if you like,"—replied Solómin.

"Akh, how obliging you are! Would you like to have the drozhky harnessed up, or—perhaps you prefer to walk. . . ."

"Why, your factory is not far from here, is it?"

"Half a verst, not any more than that."

"Then what is the use of harnessing up a carriage?"

"Well, that 's capital. Here—man,—give me my hat, my cane, make haste!—And do thou,

housewife, bustle about, and prepare dinner for us!—My hat!"

Sipyágin was far more agitated than his guest. Repeating once more:—"but where in the world is that hat of mine!"—he, the dignitary! ran out like a frolicsome schoolboy.—While he was talking with Solómin, Valentína Mikhaílovna had been scrutinising this "new young man," stealthily but attentively.—He sat quietly on his chair, with both his bare hands lying on his knees (he had not put on his gloves, after all—and was surveying the furniture and the pictures with composure, although with curiosity).—"What sort of a fellow is this?" she thought.—"A plebeian . . . an unmistakable plebeian . . . . and yet he behaves himself so simply!"—In fact, Solómin did behave very simply, not like some others, who are simple—with vehemence, as much as to say: "Look at me, and understand what sort of a person I am!"—but like a man whose thoughts and feelings are not complicated, although they are strong. Madame Sipyágin made an attempt to chat with him—and, to her own amazement, could not immediately manage it.

"Good Lord!" she said to herself; "can it be possible that that factory-hand is impressing me with awe?"

"Borís Andréitch must be very grateful to you,"—she said at last—"for having sacrificed a portion of your valuable time to him. . . ."

"It is not so extremely valuable, madame,"—replied Solómin:—"and I shall not be with you long, you know."

"*Voilà que l'ours a montré sa patte,*" she said to herself in French; but at that moment her husband made his appearance on the threshold of the open door, hat on head and "stick" in hand.

"Vasíly Feodósyeitch! Are you ready?"

Solómin rose, bowed to Valentína Mikhaílovna, and followed Sipyágin.

"Follow me, this way, this way, Vasíly Feodósyeitch!"—Sipyágin kept repeating, exactly as though they were forcing their way through some dense forest—and Solómin required a guide.—"This way! there are steps here, Vasíly Feodósyeitch!"

"If you wish to address me by my patronymic,"—said Solómin, in a leisurely way, ... "I am not Feodósyeitch,—but Feodótitch."

Sipyágin cast a backward glance at him over his shoulder, almost in affright.

"Akh, pardon me, pray, Vasíly Feodótitch!"

"Certainly, sir, it is of no consequence."

They emerged into the courtyard.—Kallomyeítzeff chanced to meet them.

"Whither are you bound?"—he asked, with an oblique glance at Solómin.—"To the factory? *C'est là l'individu en question?*"

Sipyágin opened his eyes very wide, and shook his head, as a signal of warning.

"Yes, to the factory . . . . to exhibit my sins and blunders—to Mr. Mechanician here. Permit me to introduce you: Mr. Kallomyeítzeff, a landed proprietor of this neighbourhood; Mr. Solómin. . ."

Kallomyeítzeff gave a couple of nods—which were barely perceptible, and not in Solómin's direction at all—and without casting even a glance at him.—But the latter looked full at Kallomyeítzeff, and into his half-closed eyes there came a flash of something. . . .

"May I join you?"—asked Kallomyeítzeff. —"You know I love to inform myself."

"Of course you may."

They emerged from the courtyard upon the highway,—and before they had advanced twenty paces, they espied the parish priest, with his cassock tucked up, wending his way homeward, to the so-called "priests' suburb." Kallomyeítzeff immediately abandoned his two companions,—and with long, firm strides, approaching the priest, who was not in the least expecting this, and was somewhat abashed—he asked for his blessing, noisily kissed his red, perspiring hand, —and, turning round to Solómin, darted a challenging glance at him. It was evident that he knew "something" about him—and wanted to show off, and jeer at him.

"C'est une manifestation, mon cher?"—hissed Sipyágin through his teeth.

Kallomyeítzeff snorted.

"Oui, mon cher, une manifestation nécessaire par le temps qui court!"

They reached the factory. They were received by a Little Russian with a huge beard and false teeth, who had superseded the former superintendent, the German, whom Sipyágin had definitively discharged. This Little Russian was temporary: he obviously did not understand anything, and merely kept saying: "thata . . . . I vill go . . ." and sighing.

The inspection of the establishment began. Several of the hands knew Solómin by sight, and bowed to him.—He even said to one of them: "Good morning, Grigóry. Art thou here?"—He speedily convinced himself that matters were in a bad way. A vast amount of money had been spent, and to no purpose. The machinery proved to be of bad quality; there was much that was superfluous and unnecessary, while much that was necessary was lacking. Sipyágin kept incessantly gazing into Solómin's eyes, in order to divine his opinion; he put timid queries, wanted to know whether, at least, he was satisfied with the state of things?

"Things are in a fair condition,"—replied Solómin,—"but can there be any income? I doubt it."

Not only Sipyágin, but even Kallomyeítzeff recognised the fact that in the factory Solómin

was quite at home, that everything about it was well known, familiar to him, down to the smallest detail; that he was the master there. He laid his hand on a machine as a horseman lays his on the neck of a horse; he poked a wheel with his finger—and it stopped, or began to revolve; he took out of the vat into his palm a little of the pulp from which the paper was made—and it immediately displayed all its defects. Solómin said little, and never looked at the bearded Little Russian at all; in silence, also, did he emerge from the factory. Sipyágin and Kallomyeítzeff followed him.

Sipyágin did not order any one to escort him . . . he even stamped his foot and gnashed his teeth! He was greatly discomfited.

"I discern from your face,"—he said, addressing Solómin, "that you are dissatisfied with my factory,—and I myself know that it is in an unsatisfactory condition, and yields no returns; but, as a matter of fact . . . . pray do not stand on ceremony . . . what are its most important faults? And what ought to be done to improve it?"

"The manufacture of writing-paper is not in my line,"—replied Solómin; "but one thing I can tell you;—industrial enterprises are no business for noblemen."

"You regard those occupations as degrading for the nobility?"—interposed Kallomyeítzeff.

Solómin smiled with his expansive smile.

"Oh, no! Good gracious, no! What is there degrading about it? But even if there were anything of that sort—the nobility would not disdain it."

"What, sir? What 's the meaning of this, sir?"

"All I mean to say,"—went on Solómin, quietly,—"is, that the nobility have not become accustomed to this sort of activity.—For that, commercial foresight is requisite; everything must be placed on a different footing; staying-power is necessary. The nobility do not take these things into consideration. We frequently see them setting up cloth-mills, paper-mills, and other sorts of mills; and, in the end, into whose hands do those factories fall? into the hands of merchants. It is a pity, because a merchant is identical with a bloodsucker, only there is no help for it."

"If one were to heed you,"—shouted Kallomyeítzeff,—"financial problems are beyond the capacity of us nobles?"

"Oh, on the contrary! the nobles are masterhands at that sort of thing. No one is so clever at obtaining a concession for a railway, at setting up a bank, at securing for himself any sort of privilege, as a nobleman! They make great fortunes. That was precisely what I was alluding to—when you were pleased to get angry. But I had in view legitimate industrial enterprises; I say: le-

gitimate enterprises—because, setting up their own pot-houses and little retail shops on the basis of barter, and lending the peasants money at a hundred and fifty per cent.—as many of the noble landed proprietors are now engaged in doing—I cannot regard such operations as genuine financial transactions."

Kallomyeítzeff made no reply. He belonged precisely to that new category of usurious landed proprietors, to whom Markéloff had alluded in his last conversation with Nezhdánoff,—and he was all the more inhuman in his demands, because he, personally, never came into direct contact with the peasants—let no one dare to admit them to his perfumed, European study!—but had his dealings with them through an overseer. As he listened to Solómin's leisurely, and apparently impartial speech, he was all seething inwardly . . . but he held his peace for that time, and only the play of the muscles in his cheeks, produced by the compression of his jaws, betrayed what was going on within him.

"But allow me, allow me, Vasíly Feodótitch," —put in Sipyágin:—"Everything you are expounding to us was perfectly true in former times, when the nobles enjoyed . . . entirely different rights, and, altogether, found themselves in a different position. But now, after all the benevolent reforms in our industrial age, why cannot the nobles direct their attention, their capacities,

in short, to such undertakings? Why cannot they understand that which a simple merchant—who frequently does not know how to read and write—understands? For they do not suffer from a lack of education—and one may affirm with confidence that they are, in a certain sense, the representatives of enlightenment and of progress!"

Borís Andréitch talked very well; his eloquence would have made a hit anywhere in Petersburg—in the department—or even in higher spheres, but it produced no impression whatever upon Solómin.

"The nobles cannot manage such enterprises,"—he repeated.

"But why? why?"—Kallomyeítzeff almost yelled.

"Because they are identical with officials."

"Officials?"—Kallomyeítzeff burst into a vicious laugh.—"You probably do not know what you are talking about, Mr. Solómin?"

Solómin did not cease to smile.

"What makes you think that, Mr. Kalométzeff?"—(Kallomyeítzeff fairly shuddered at hearing such a "distortion" of his surname.)—"Yes, I always know what I am talking about."

"Then explain what you meant to intimate by your phrase."

"Very well; in my opinion, every official is

a stranger, and always has been so, and the nobleman has now *become* a stranger."

Kallomyeítzeff laughed more violently than ever.

"Well, you must excuse me, my dear sir; I do not understand that in the least!"

"So much the worse for you. Make an effort . . . perhaps you will understand."

"My dear sir!"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen,"—interposed Sipyágin, hastily, as though looking for some one from below him.—"Pray, pray . . Kallomyeítzeff, *je vous prie de vous calmer.* Yes, and dinner must be ready very soon. I beg that you will follow me, gentlemen!"

"Valentína Mikhaílovna!"—shouted Kallomyeítzeff, five minutes later, rushing into her boudoir.—"I never saw the like of this in all my life, the way your husband is going on! He has established one nihilist in his house, and now he has imported another! And this one is worse than the other!"

"Why so?"

"Good gracious, he is preaching the devil knows what; and more than that—note one thing: he has talked with your husband for a whole hour, and not once, *not once,* has he called him 'your excellency!'—*Le vagabond!*"

XXIV

Before dinner, Sipyágin called his wife aside into the library. He found it necessary to have a private conference with her. He appeared anxious. He communicated to her that the factory was in a decidedly bad way, that that Solómin seemed to him a very practical man, although a little . . . . abrupt, and that they must continue to be *aux petits soins* with him still.—"Akh, what a fine thing it would be to entice him away!" he repeated a couple of times. Sipyágin was greatly vexed at Kallomyeítzeff's presence. . . . The devil had brought him! He espied nihilists everywhere—and thought of nothing else than of how to exterminate them! Well, let him exterminate them at his own house! He cannot keep his tongue behind his teeth!

Valentína Mikhaílovna remarked that she was delighted to be "*aux petits soins*" with this new guest; only, apparently, he cared nothing for those "*petits soins,*" and paid no heed to them; he was not exactly rude, but somehow extremely indifferent, which was very surprising in a man —*du commun.*

"Never mind . . . . make an effort!"—entreated Sipyágin.

Valentína Mikhaílovna promised to make an effort—and did make it. She began by having a tête-à-tête talk with Kallomyeítzeff. What she said is not on record, but he came to the table with the aspect of a man who has "taken it upon himself" to be peaceable and discreet, whatever he may hear. This opportune "resignation" imparted to his whole being a slight tinge of sadness; on the other hand, how much dignity . . . . oh, how much dignity was contained in his every movement! Valentína Mikhaílovna introduced Solómin to all the members of her household . . . (he gazed more attentively at Marianna than at any of the others)—and at table, placed him by her own side, on her right hand. Kallomyeítzeff sat on her left. As he unfolded his napkin, he narrowed his eyes and smiled, as though he would have liked to say: "Well, ma'am, let 's play the comedy!" Sipyágin sat opposite, and watched him with some trepidation. By this new arrangement of the hostess, Nezhdánoff found himself not beside Marianna, but between Anna Zakhárovna and Sipyágin. Marianna found her place-card (as the dinner was one of ceremony), on the napkin between Kallomyeítzeff's place and Kólya's.—The dinner was served in capital style; there was even a "menu"; a decorated sheet of paper lay before each place. Immediately after the soup, Sipyágin again led the conversation to the factory—to factory industry

in Russia, as a whole; Solómin replied very briefly, as was his wont. As soon as he began to speak, Marianna fixed her eyes on him. Kallomyeítzeff, who sat beside her, made an attempt to pay her divers compliments (as he had been requested, "not to stir up a discussion"), but she did not listen to him; moreover, he uttered his compliments in a languid tone, merely to clear his conscience: he recognised the fact that between him and the young girl there existed some insuperable barrier.

As for Nezhdánoff—something still worse had suddenly been erected between him and the master of the house. . . . For Sipyágin, Nezhdánoff had become merely an article of furniture—or an airy space, which he did not perceive at all—precisely that—did not perceive at all! These new relations had established themselves so swiftly and so indubitably, that when Nezhdánoff, in the course of the dinner, uttered a few words in reply to a remark from his neighbour, Anna Zakhárovna, Sipyágin cast a glance around him, as though he were asking himself: "Where does that sound come from?"

Obviously, Sipyágin possessed some of the qualities which distinguish dignitaries of great importance.

After the fish, Valentína Mikhaílovna, who on her side was lavishing all her fascinations on her right hand, that is to say, on Solómin, remarked,

in English, across the table to her husband, " our guest is not drinking his wine; perhaps he would like some beer. . . ." Sipyágin loudly called for some " ale," but Solómin, turning calmly to Valentína Mikhaílovna, said to her—" probably, you are not aware, madame, that I have lived in England for two years—and that I understand and speak English; and I am warning you of that fact, in case you should wish to say anything of a private nature in my presence! " Valentína Mikhaílovna laughed, and began to assure him that that warning was needless, as he would have heard nothing but good about himself; but she considered Solómin's behaviour rather strange, although delicate, according to his lights.

At this point, Kallomyeítzeff could no longer restrain himself.

" So you have been in England,"—he began,—" and probably you have observed the customs there. Permit me to ask whether you regard them as worthy of imitation? "

" Some of them, yes—others, no."

" Curt, and not clear,"—remarked Kallomyeítzeff, endeavouring to pay no heed to the signs which Sipyágin was making to him.—" But you were talking to-day about the nobles. . . . Of course you have had an opportunity of studying on the spot what is called in England the landed gentry? "

" No, I did not have an opportunity; I moved

in a totally different sphere—but I formed an idea of those gentlemen."

"Really? And do you assume that such a landed gentry is impossible among us? And that, in any case, it is undesirable?"

"In the first place, I really do assume that it is impossible; and, in the second place, that it is not worth while to desire it."

"Why, sir, so, sir?"—said Kallomyeítzeff.—These two "sirs" were intended to serve the purpose of soothing Sipyágin, who was greatly agitated, and was even fidgeting about on his chair.

"Because, in twenty or thirty years from now we shall have no landed gentry anyway."

"But, permit me, sir; why, sir, so, sir?"

"Because, by that time the land will belong to its holders—without regard to their origin."

"To the merchants, sir?"

"Probably, for the main part, to the merchants."

"In what manner?"

"Because they will purchase it—that same land."

"From the nobles?"

"From the Messrs. Nobles."

Kallomyeítzeff displayed his teeth in a condescending grin.—"I remember that you recently said the same thing about the factories and mills, and now you say it about all the land."

"And now I say it about all the land."

"And you will, probably, be very glad of it!"

"Not in the least, for, as I have already informed you, the people will not be any the better off for it."

Kallomyeítzeff raised one hand slightly.—"What solicitude for the people—just think of it!"

"Vasíly Feodótitch!"—shouted Sipyágin at the top of his voice.—"They have brought your beer.—*Voyons, Siméon!*"—he added, in an undertone.

But Kallomyeítzeff did not stop.

"I see," he began again, addressing Solómin,—"that you do not entertain any too flattering an opinion of the merchants; but, assuredly, they belong, by extraction, to the common people?"

"What of that, sir?"

"I supposed that you thought everything connected with the common people very fine indeed."

"Oh, no, sir! You were mistaken in that assumption. Our people may be censured in many respects, although it is not always to blame. Up to the present time, the merchant with us is a highwayman; and he manages his own property also like a highwayman. . . . What are you going to do about it! They rob you . . and you rob. But the people . . . ."

"The people?" questioned Kallomyeítzeff.

"The people—is a sleeper."

"And you would like to wake him up?"

"It would not be a bad idea."

"Aha! aha! so that, sir, is . . . ."

"Permit me, permit me,"—said Sipyágin, in an authoritative voice. He comprehended that the moment had arrived when he must, so to speak, draw the line . . . stop him! And he drew the line. He stopped him. Dangling the wrist of his right arm, the elbow of which remained resting on the table, he uttered a long, circumstantial speech. On the one hand, he praised the conservatives,—and on the other, he approved of the liberals, according to these last some preference, and counting himself among their ranks; he exalted the common people,—but pointed out several of its weak sides; he expressed entire confidence in the government—but asked himself: did *all* its subjects carry out its beneficial intentions? He recognised the usefulness and the importance of literature, but declared that without extreme caution, it was not to be thought of! He cast a glance at the West—then had doubts; he cast a glance at the East: at first he sighed, then gave a start! And, in conclusion, he suggested that they drink a toast to the prosperity of the Triple Alliance:

"RELIGION, AGRICULTURE, AND INDUSTRY."

"Under the ægis of authority!"—added Kallomyeítzeff, severely.

"Under the ægis of a wise and gracious authority,"—Sipyágin corrected him.

The toast was drunk in silence.—The airy space on Sipyágin's left, named Nezhdánoff, did, it is true, utter some sound of disapproval—but as it attracted no attention it subsided again—and, disturbed by no fresh discussion, the dinner came safely to an end.

Valentína Mikhaílovna handed Solómin his coffee with the most charming smile; he drank it—and was already looking about for his hat . . . . but his arm was softly drawn through Sipyágin's, and he was immediately led off to the latter's study—and received, in the first place, a capital cigar, and then a proposition to come to his, Sipyágin's factory, on advantageous terms!—"You shall be the complete master, Vasíly Feodótitch, the complete master!"—Solómin accepted the cigar; he declined the proposal. Urge him as Sipyágin might, he stuck to his refusal.

"Do not say 'no' outright—my dearest Vasíly Feodótitch!—say, at least, that you will think it over until to-morrow."

"But it makes no difference,—I cannot accept your proposal."

"Until to-morrow, Vasíly Feodótitch!—What does that cost you?"

Solómin agreed that it would cost him nothing . . . . but he quitted the study, and again began to look for his hat. But Nezhdánoff, who had not succeeded, up to that moment, in exchanging a single word with him, approached him, and whispered hastily.

" For God's sake, do not go away, or it will be impossible for us to talk matters over together! "

Solómin left his hat alone, the more readily, because Sipyágin, noticing his irresolute movements to and fro in the drawing-room, called out:

" Of course, you are going to spend the night with us? "

" At your service,"—replied Solómin.

The grateful glance which Marianna flung at him,—she was standing by a window in the drawing-room,—rendered him thoughtful.

XXV

Until Solómin arrived Marianna had imagined him to be quite different from what he was in reality. At first glance, he had struck her as indefinite, impersonal. . . . . Unquestionably: in her day she had seen many such fair-haired, sinewy, lean men! But the more she scrutinised him, the more she listened to his remarks, the stronger did her feeling of confidence—precisely that, of confidence—in him become.—That calm, not exactly awkward, but ponderous man not only could not lie—dissimulate; one could rely upon him, as upon a stone wall. . . . He would not betray: he would understand and uphold.—It even seemed to Marianna that not in herself alone, but in all the persons present, Solómin had aroused that sort of feeling. She attached no special weight to what he said; all those discussions about merchants and factories interested her little; but the way he talked, the way he looked while so doing, and smiled,—that pleased her extremely. . .

An upright man . . . that is the chief point! that was what touched her.—It is a familiar, but not wholly explicable phenomenon: the Russians are the worst liars in the world; but they respect no-

thing so much as the truth—they feel such great sympathy for nothing else as for it.—Moreover, in Marianna's eyes, there was a special stamp upon Solómin; on him rested the aureole of the man whom Vasíly Nikoláevitch himself had recommended to his followers. In the course of dinner Marianna exchanged several glances "on his account" with Nezhdánoff, and, in the end, she suddenly caught herself involuntarily making comparisons between the two men—and not to the advantage of Nezhdánoff. Nezhdánoff's features were, it is true, far handsomer and more agreeable than Solómin's;—but the face itself expressed a mixture of various uneasy emotions: vexation, perturbation, impatience . . . even dejection; he sat as though on needles and pins, tried to speak—and relapsed into silence, laughed nervously. . . Solómin, on the contrary, produced the impression of being somewhat bored, perhaps, but of being, notwithstanding, quite at home; and that he was the sort of man who would never in any wise regard "what others do."—"Decidedly, I must ask the advice of that man,"—thought Marianna; "he will certainly say something useful."—After dinner it was *she* who sent Nezhdánoff to him.

The evening passed rather heavily; fortunately, the dinner ended late, and only a short time remained before night. Kallomyeítzeff politely sulked and held his peace.

"What is the matter with you?"—Sipyágin asked him, half mockingly.—"Have you lost anything?"

"Just that, sir,"—responded Kallomyeítzeff. "They tell a story about one of the commanders of our Guards, to the effect that he mourned because his soldiers lost their 'bayonets.' . . . 'Find me the bayonets!' And I say: Find me the respectful 'sir'!—The 'sir' is lost—and with it all reverence and respect for rank."

Sipyágin announced to Kallomyeítzeff that he would not assist him in his search.

Encouraged by the success of his "speech" at dinner, Sipyágin made a couple more speeches, in which he introduced several governmental views as to indispensably necessary measures; he also made a few jokes—*des mots,*—not so much witty as weighty,—which he had prepared specially for Petersburg consumption. He even repeated one of these jokes, preceding it with: "If it is permissible to express one's self in that manner." He said, concerning one of the reigning ministers, that he had an inconstant and empty mind, directed to visionary ends.—On the other hand, Sipyágin, not forgetting that he had to deal with a Russian,—one of the people,—did not neglect to show off with a few phrases, which were intended to prove that he himself was not only a Russian, but a "Russian of the Russians," and intimately acquainted with the very core of

popular life!—Thus, for example, in reply to Kallomyeítzeff's remark that rain might interfere with gathering in the hay-crop, he immediately responded that "what makes the hay black makes the buckwheat white";—he also employed adages, such as: "Wares without a master are orphans";—"Measure ten times, cut off once";—"When there is grain, the measure will be found";—"If there are leaves on the birch-tree at St. George's day, you may put the grain in the cask at the feast of the Kazán Birth-giver of God."[1]—To tell the truth, he occasionally made a mistake, and said, for example: "Snipe, know thine own hearth,"—or, "The corners are what make a cottage fine!"[2]—But the company in whose midst these misfortunes occurred had, for the most part, no suspicion that "*notre bon rusak*" had committed a blunder at these points; and, thanks to Prince Kovrízhkin, it had already become used to "interpolations" of that sort.—And all these adages and apothegms Sipyágin uttered in a certain peculiar, hearty, even rather hoarse voice—*d'une voix rustique.*—Similar apothegms, opportunely and appropriately enunciated by him in Petersburg,

[1] St. George's day, April 23, O. S. (May 5, N. S.): The day of the Kazán ikona of the Holy Virgin, October 22, O. S. (November 4, N. S.).—Translator.

[2] He should have said, respectively: "Cricket, know thy hearth" (Every man to his own trade), and "It is not corners (i.e., corners decorated with holy pictures), but patties (food), which make a cottage fine."—Translator.

had caused highly-placed, influential ladies to exclaim:—"*Comme il connait bien les mœurs de notre peuple!*" And highly-placed, influential dignitaries added:—"*Les mœurs et les besoins!*"

Valentína Mikhaílovna put herself to great pains over Solómin, but the obvious lack of success of her efforts discouraged her;—and, as she passed Kallomyeítzeff, she involuntarily remarked in an undertone: "*Mon Dieu, que je me sens fatiguée!*"

To which the latter responded, with an ironical bow:

"*Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin!*"

At last, after the customary flash of amiability and courtesy which makes its appearance on the countenances of a bored company at the very moment of parting, after the sudden handshakes, smiles, and friendly sobs through the nose —the weary guests, the weary hosts separated.

Solómin, who had been assigned to about the best room in the second story, with English toilet accessories and a bath-room, betook himself to Nezhdánoff.

The latter began by thanking him warmly for consenting to remain.

"I know . . . it is a sacrifice for you . . . ."

"Eh! stop that!"—replied Solómin, deliberately.—"Where is the sacrifice?—And, moreover, I cannot refuse *you*."

"Why?"

"Because I have taken a liking to you."

Nezhdánoff was delighted and surprised, but Solómin pressed his hand. Then he seated himself astride of a chair, lighted a cigar, and, leaning both his elbows on the back, he said:

"Well, tell me what the point is."

Nezhdánoff also seated himself astride of a chair, facing Solómin—but did not light a cigar.

"What is the point—you ask? . . . This—that I want to run away from here."

"That is to say—you want to leave this house! Well, what then? Go, and God be with you!"

"Not leave . . . . but run away."

"Are they detaining you? Perhaps . . you have received money in advance? In that case, you have only to say the word. . . It will give me pleasure. . . ."

"You do not understand me, my dear Solómin. . . . I said: run away—and not leave—because I am not going away from here alone."

Solómin raised his head a little.

"With whom, then?"

"Why, with that young girl whom you have seen here to-day. . . ."

"With her!—She has a fine face. Well? Have you fallen in love with each other? . . . Or is it only . . . that you have made up your minds to leave the house, where neither of you is at ease?"

"We love each other."

"Ah!"—Solómin remained silent for a space. —"Is she a relative of the master and mistress of this house?"

"Yes.—But she thoroughly shares our convictions—and is ready to go to all lengths."

Solómin smiled.

"And you, Nezhdánoff, are you ready?"

Nezhdánoff frowned slightly.

"Why that question? I will prove to you my readiness by action."

"I do not doubt you, Nezhdánoff; I only asked you because, with the exception of yourself, I suppose there is no one who is ready."

"How about Markéloff?"

"Yes! perhaps Markéloff is.—And he was born ready, I think."

At that moment some one tapped softly and swiftly at the door—and, without awaiting a response, opened it.—It was Marianna. She immediately stepped up to Solómin.

"I am convinced,"—she began,—"that you will not be surprised to see me here at this juncture.—He" (Marianna pointed to Nezhdánoff) "has, of course, told you everything.—Give me your hand—and know that you have before you an honest girl."

"Yes, I know that,"—said Solómin, gravely.—He had risen from his chair as soon as Marianna made her appearance.—"I have been looking at you at dinner, and I thought: 'What honest

eyes that young lady has.'—Nezhdánoff has, in fact, told me of your intentions. But, really, now,—why do you wish to run away?"

"How can you ask why?—The cause with which I am in sympathy . . . do not be surprised: Nezhdánoff has concealed nothing from me . . . that cause is to be begun in a few days . . . . and am I to remain in this gentleman's manor-house, where everything is—lying and deceit?—Are the people whom I love to subject themselves to danger, while I . . . ."

Solómin stopped her by a gesture of the hand.

"Do not get excited.—Sit down, and I will do likewise! Do you sit down, also, Nezhdánoff. —See here; if you have no other reason—then it is not worth while to run away from here. That affair will not begin as soon as you think.—Some prudence is required. There is no use in pushing forward at haphazard."

Marianna sat down and wrapped herself in a large plaid shawl, which she had thrown over her shoulders.

"But I cannot remain here any longer! Every one here insults me. This very day that stupid Anna Zakhárovna, in Kólya's presence, hinted at my father, and said 'the apple did not fall far from the tree'—that I was a chip of the old block! Kólya was fairly astounded, and asked what that meant.—And I say nothing about Valentína Mikhaílovna!"

Again Solómin stopped her—and this time he smiled.—Marianna understood that he was laughing at her a little, but his smile could never occasion offence to any one.

"What are you thinking of, my dear young lady? I do not know who Anna Zakhárovna is, nor of what apple you are speaking . . . . but good gracious: a stupid woman says something stupid to you, and you cannot bear it? How are you going to get along in life? The whole world is founded on stupid people. No, that is not a reason. Is there any other?"

"I am convinced,"—interposed Nezhdánoff, in a dull voice,—"that Mr. Sipyágin will turn me out of the house himself, any day now. I certainly have been denounced to him; he treats me . . in the most disdainful manner."

Solómin turned to Nezhdánoff.

"Then why should you run away, if you are going to be turned out anyhow?"

Nezhdánoff could not immediately hit upon a reply.

"I have already told you—" he began.

"He expressed himself in that way,"—put in Marianna,—"because I am going off with him."

Solómin looked at her and good-naturedly shook his head.

"Exactly, exactly, my dear young lady;—but I tell you again: if you really do wish to leave

this house because you suppose that the revolution is on the point of breaking out . . . . ."

"That is precisely why we sent for you,"—interrupted Marianna,—"for the purpose of obtaining authentic information as to the condition of affairs."

"In that case,"—went on Solómin,—"I repeat it: you may remain at home—for a good while to come.—But if you wish to run away because you love each other, and because there is no other way of becoming united to each other—then . . . ."

"Well, what then?"

"Then the only thing that remains for me to do is to wish you—as they used to say in olden times—'love and counsel'—and, if it is necessary and possible, to help you to the extent of my ability. Because, my dear young lady, I became as fond of you and of him, at first sight, as though you were my own relations."

Marianna and Nezhdánoff approached him, from right and left,—and each of them grasped one of his hands.

"Only tell us what we ought to do,"—said Marianna.—"Let us assume that the revolution is still distant . . . . but the preparatory work, the toil, which are impossible in this house, under these circumstances,—and in which we shall so gladly engage together . . . . you shall point them out to us;—only tell us where we ought

to go. . . . Send us!—You will send us, will you not?"

"Whither?"

"To the people. . . . Whither should we go, if not to the people?"

"'To the forest'"—thought Nezhdánoff. . . . Pákhlin's words recurred to his mind.

Solómin gazed intently at Marianna.

"Do you wish to learn to know the people?"

"Yes—that is to say—we do not wish merely to learn to know the people;—but to act, as well . . . . to labor for them."

"Good; I promise you that you shall learn to know them. I will procure an opportunity to act—and to labour for them.—And you, Nezhdánoff, are you ready . . . . to go after her . . . . and to them?"

"Of course I am ready,"—he articulated hastily.—"Juggernaut"—another word of Pákhlin's recurred to his mind.—"Here it comes rolling on, a huge chariot . . . . and I hear the creaking and the rumbling of its wheels. . . ."

"Good,"—repeated Solómin, thoughtfully.—"But when do you intend to flee?"

"We might do it to-morrow," exclaimed Marianna.

"Good. But whither?"

"Ssssssh . . . speak lower . . ." whispered Nezhdánoff.—"Some one is walking along the corridor."

All remained silent for a while.

"Whither do you intend to flee?"—asked Solómin again, lowering his voice.

"We do not know,"—replied Marianna.

Solómin transferred his eyes to Nezhdánoff. The latter merely shook his head in negation.

Solómin stretched out his hand and cautiously snuffed the candle.

"See here, now, my children,"—he said at last. —"Come to me at the factory.—It is fine there . . . and free from danger. I will hide you. I have a little room there. No one will find you.—If only once you get there—we will not surrender you. You may say that there are many people in a factory. That 's the very thing that is good about it. Where there are plenty of people—it is possible to hide one's self.—Is it a bargain?"

"All we can do is to thank you,"—said Nezhdánoff; and Marianna, who had been disconcerted at first at the idea of the factory, added with animation:—"Of course! of course! How kind you are! But, surely, you will not detain us long there? You will send us forth?"

"That will depend on yourselves. . . . And, in case you should take it into your heads to unite in matrimony, you will find it convenient with me at the factory in that respect also. There is a neighbour of mine, hard by,—he is my first cousin,—who is a priest, by the name of Zosíma, an

extremely obliging man. He will marry you in a jiffy."

Marianna smiled to herself, and Nezhdánoff pressed Solómin's hand once more, and, after a brief pause, inquired:

"But tell me: will not the owner of your factory make a row? Will he not make things unpleasant for you?"

Solómin cast a sidelong glance at Nezhdánoff.

"Don't you worry about me.—It is quite unnecessary. If only the factory runs as it should, —it 's all one to him. And you and your dear young lady will suffer no unpleasantness at his hands. Only give me notice beforehand at what time I am to expect you."

Nezhdánoff and Marianna exchanged glances.

"Day after to-morrow, early in the morning, or the day after that,—" said Nezhdánoff, at last. "We cannot delay any longer. Probably I shall be turned out of the house to-morrow."

"Well . . . ." remarked Solómin—and rose from his chair.—"I shall look for you every morning. And I will not leave the house for a whole week. All measures shall be taken in proper fashion."

Marianna stepped up to him . . . . (she had started for the door).—"Farewell, dear, kind Vasíly Feodótitch. . . . That is your name, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Farewell . . . or no; until we meet again! And thank you, thank you!"

"Farewell. . . . Good night, my dear little dove!"

"And farewell to you, also, Nezhdánoff! until to-morrow . . . ." she added.

Marianna quickly left the room.

Both young men remained for some time motionless—and both held their peace.

"Nezhdánoff,"—began Solómin, at last,—and then relapsed into silence.—"Nezhdánoff,"—he began again,—"tell me about that young girl . . . . whatever you can tell. What has her life been hitherto? . . . Who is she? . . . why is she here?"

Nezhdánoff in a few words communicated to Solómin what he knew.

"Nezhdánoff, ..." he said at last, . . . "you ought to treasure that young girl. Because . . . . if . . . anything . . . . you will be committing a great sin. Farewell."

He retired, and Nezhdánoff stood for a little while in the middle of the room and whispered: "Akh! it is better not to think!" then flung himself face downward on his bed.

But Marianna, on regaining her chamber, found on a small table a little note, which ran as follows:

"I am sorry for you. You are ruining yourself. Come to your senses. Into what gulf are

you hurling yourself, with your eyes wide open? for whom, and for what?—V."

There was a peculiar fresh and delicate scent in the room; evidently, Valentína Mikhaílovna had only just left it.—Marianna took her pen, and having scrawled beneath—"Do not pity me. God knows which of us is the more worthy of pity; I only know that I would not like to be in your place. M."—left the note on the table. She did not doubt that her reply would fall into the hands of Valentína Mikhaílovna.

And on the following morning, Solómin, after having had an interview with Nezhdánoff, and definitively refused the managership of the Sipyágin factory, went home.—All the way thither he was engrossed in thought, a thing which rarely happened with him; the swaying of the carriage generally induced in him a slight drowsiness. He thought of Marianna, and also of Nezhdánoff; it seemed to him that had *he* been in love, he, Solómin,—he would have worn a different aspect, would have talked and looked differently. —"But," he thought to himself, "as that has never happened to me, I do not know what sort of a mien I should wear under those circumstances."—He called to mind an Irish girl whom he had seen once in a shop behind the counter; he remembered what magnificent, almost black hair she had, and blue eyes, and thick eyelashes, —and how inquiringly and sadly she had gazed

at him, and how he had walked up and down in the street for a long time afterward, in front of her windows, and how agitated he had been, and how he had asked himself: ought he to make her acquaintance or not? He was then passing through London; his patron had sent him thither to make some purchases, and had given him money.—Solómin had come near remaining in London, he had come near sending back that money to his patron; so potent was the impression produced on him by the beautiful Polly. . . (He had found out her name; one of her companions had called her by it.)—Nevertheless, he had controlled himself—and had returned to his patron. Polly was handsomer than Marianna; but the latter had the same inquiring and mournful gaze . . . and she was a Russian. . . .

"But what am I about?"—said Solómin in an undertone:—"bothering myself about strangers!"—and shook the collar of his cloak as though in the endeavour to cast from him all superfluous thoughts. In due time he drove up to his factory, and on the threshold of his little wing appeared the figure of his faithful Pável.

XXVI

Solómin's refusal greatly offended Sipyágin; he even went so far as suddenly to discover that the home-grown Stephenson was not such a remarkable mechanician, after all, and that he was not attitudinising, but putting on airs, like a genuine plebeian.—"All these Russians, when they fancy that they know something—are beneath criticism!—*Au fond*, Kallomyeítzeff is right." Under the influence of such unpleasant and irritating emotions, the statesman—*en herbe*—cast still more unsympathetic and distant glances at Nezhdánoff; he informed Kólya that he need not do any lessons that day with his tutor, that he must accustom himself to independence. . . . But he did not discharge the tutor, as the latter expected. He continued to ignore him! On the other hand, Valentína Mikhaílovna did not ignore Marianna.—A frightful scene took place between them.

A couple of hours before dinner they rather suddenly found themselves alone together in the drawing-room. Each of them instantly felt that the minute of the inevitable collision had arrived, and therefore, after a momentary hesitation, they quietly approached each other. Valentína

Mikhaílovna wore a slight smile; Marianna shut her lips tight; both were pale. As she advanced across the room, Valentína Mikhaílovna glanced to right and left, plucked a geranium-leaf. . . . Marianna's eyes were fastened straight on the smiling face which was coming toward her.

Madame Sipyágin halted first, and tapped the back of a chair with her finger-tips.

"Marianna Vikéntievna,"—she began, in a careless voice,—"we appear to be in correspondence with each other. . . . As we live under the same roof, this is rather odd, and, as you know, I am not fond of oddities."

"It was not I who began the correspondence, Valentína Mikhaílovna."

"Yes . . . . you are right. I am guilty of the oddity on this occasion. Only, I could find no other means to arouse in you the sentiment . . . . how shall I say it? . . . the sentiment . . . ."

"Say it straight out, Valentína Mikhaílovna; do not stand on ceremony,—do not be afraid of offending me."

"The sentiment . . . . of propriety."

Valentína Mikhaílovna relapsed into silence; the light tapping of her fingers on the back of the chair was the only sound audible in the room.

"In what manner do you think that I have failed to observe propriety?"—asked Marianna.

Valentína Mikhaílovna shrugged her shoulders.

"*Ma chère, vous n'êtes plus un enfant*—and you understand me perfectly well. Can you possibly suppose that your behaviour is not known to me, to Anna Zakhárovna, to the whole household, in short? Moreover, you have not taken any great pains to keep it a secret. You have, simply, defied us. . . . Borís Andréitch is, possibly, the only person who has not paid any heed to it. . . He is occupied with other more interesting and important matters. But, with that exception, your conduct is known to every one, to every one!"

Marianna grew paler and paler.

"I should like to ask you, Valentína Mikhaílovna, to express yourself more definitely.—With what, in particular, are you dissatisfied?"

"*L'insolente!*"—thought Madame Sipyágin—but she maintained her self-control.

"You wish to know with what I am dissatisfied, Marianna?—Very well, then!—I am displeased with your prolonged trysts with a young man, who, by birth and education, and social position, stands too far beneath you; I am displeased . . . . no! that word is not sufficiently strong—I am revolted by your late . . . . by your nocturnal visits to that man.—And where? Under my roof! Do you think that that is as it should be, and that I am bound to hold my peace—and, as it were, lend my countenance to your recklessness?—As an honest woman . . . *Oui, made-*

moiselle, je l'ai été, je le suis et le serai toujours! —I cannot but feel indignant!"

Valentína Mikhaílovna flung herself into an arm-chair, as though crushed by the weight of that indignation.

Marianna smiled, for the first time.

"I do not doubt your honesty, past, present, and future,"—she began;—"and I say it with entire sincerity. . But you have no cause to be indignant, to be angry. I have brought no dishonour on your roof. The young man to whom you refer . . . yes, I really have come to love him. . . ."

"You have fallen in love with that M'sieu Nezhdánoff?"

"I love him."

Valentína Mikhaílovna sat up straight in her chair.

"But, for mercy's sake, Marianna! why, he is a student, without birth or race;—why, he is younger than you!"—(Not without malicious joy did she utter these last words.)—"What can possibly come of this?—And what have you, with your brain, found in him? He is simply an empty-pated boy."

"You have not always thought of him in that light, Valentína Mikhaílovna."

"Oh, my God! leave me out of the question, my dear. . . . *Pas tant d'esprit que ça, je vous prie.* The question is of you, of your future.

Reflect! What sort of a match is he for you?"

"I must confess to you, Valentína Mikhaílovna, that I had not thought about the match."

"What? What do you say? How am I to understand you? You have followed the dictates of your heart, let us assume. . . . But, of course, this must end in marriage?"

"I do not know. . . . I have not thought about that."

"You have not thought about that?—But you have gone out of your mind!"—Marianna turned slightly aside.

"Let us put an end to this conversation, Valentína Mikhaílovna. It can lead to nothing. We shall not understand each other, in any case."

Valentína Mikhaílovna rose abruptly.

"I cannot, I must not put an end to this conversation! It is too important. . . I am responsible for you before . . . ." Valentína Mikhaílovna meant to say "before God!" but faltered, and said: "before the whole world!—I cannot hold my peace, when I hear such mad ravings! And why cannot I understand you? What intolerable pride all these young people have! Yes . . . . I understand you very well; I understand that you have steeped yourself in those new ideas which will, inevitably, lead you to destruction! But then it will be too late."

"Perhaps so; but believe me: even when we are

—perishing, we shall not stretch out a finger to you, that you may save us!"

"Again that pride, that frightful pride! Come, listen, Marianna, listen to me,"—she added, suddenly changing her tone. . . She made a movement to draw Marianna to her, but the latter drew back.—"*Écoutez-moi, je vous en conjure!*—For, after all, I am not so old—I am not so stupid that it is impossible to come into harmony with me!—*Je ne suis pas une encroutée.* In my youth I was even regarded as a republican . . . quite equal to you!—Listen: I will not dissemble; I have never cherished any maternal tenderness for you;—and it is not in your character to regret that. . . . But I have known, I know, that I have obligations toward you—and I have always endeavoured to fulfil them. Perhaps the good match, of which I dreamed for you—and to effect which Borís Andréitch and I would not have shrunk from any sacrifices . . . . that match has not corresponded, in all respects, to your ideals. . . . But, at the bottom of my heart. . . ."

Marianna glanced at Valentína Mikhaílovna, at those magnificent eyes, at those rosy, slightly-painted lips, at those white hands, at the slightly-outspread fingers adorned with rings, which the elegant lady so expressively pressed to the corsage of her silken gown. . . and suddenly interrupted her:

"A good match, you say, Valentína Mikhaílovna? Do you call that soulless, vulgar friend of yours, Mr. Kallomyeítzeff, 'a good match'?"

Valentína Mikhaílovna removed her fingers from her corsage.

"Yes, Marianna Vikéntievna! I am speaking of Mr. Kallomyeítzeff—of that cultured, splendid young man, who certainly will make his wife happy—and whom only a madwoman could refuse! Only a madwoman!"

"What am I to do, *ma tante!* Evidently that is what I am!"

"But, seriously, now—what fault hast thou to find with him?"

"Oh, none whatever!—I despise him . . . that is all."

Valentína Mikhaílovna shook her head impatiently from side to side.

"Let us drop him. *Retournons à nos moutons.* —And so thou art in love with Mr. Nezhdánoff?"

"Yes."

"And intend to continue . . . . thy meetings with him?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, and what if I forbid thee to do so?"

"I shall not obey you."

Valentína Mikhaílovna bounced in her chair.

"Ah! you will not obey! So that 's how the land lies!—And the person who says it to me

is the young girl whom I have loaded with favours, whom I have sheltered in my own house, she who says it to me . . . she who says it to me. . . ."

"Is the daughter of a disgraced father," gloomily interpolated Marianna.—"Go on, do not stand on ceremony!"

"*Ce n'est pas moi qui vous le fait dire, mademoiselle!*—But, in any case, there is nothing to be proud of in *that.* A young girl who eats my bread . . . ."

"Do not throw your bread in my face, Valentína Mikhaílovna!—It would have cost you more to hire a Frenchwoman for Kólya. . . . For I give him lessons in the French language!"

Valentína Mikhaílovna slightly raised her hand, in which she held a batiste handkerchief, scented with Ilang-Ilang, and with a huge white monogram in one corner,—and tried to say something;—but Marianna went on, impetuously:

"You would be in the right, a thousandfold in the right, if, instead of all that which you are now enumerating, instead of all those imaginary benefits and sacrifices, you were in a position to say: 'the young girl whom I have loved. . . .' But you are so honest that you cannot tell such a lie as *that!*" Marianna was shaking as though in a fever.—"You have always hated me.—Even now, in the depths of your heart, to which you just now alluded, you are glad,—yes, glad, that

I am thus justifying your constant prophecies, that I am covering myself with a scandal, with disgrace—and the only thing that is disagreeable to you is that a portion of that disgrace must needs fall upon your aristocratic, *honest* house."

"You are insulting me,"—whispered Valentína Mikhaílovna:—"please leave the room!"

But Marianna could no longer control herself.

"Your house, you said, your whole house, and Anna Zakhárovna, and everybody knows about my conduct!—And all are horrified, and indignant. . . . But do I ask anything of you, of them, of all those people? Can I value their opinion? Is not that bread of yours bitter? What poverty would not I prefer to this wealth? Is there not between your household and me a whole abyss which nothing—nothing can bridge over? Do not you—you, also, are a clever woman—do not you recognise that fact? And if *you* cherish toward me a feeling of hatred, cannot you understand the feeling which I cherish toward you, and to which I do not give a name, simply because it is too plain?"

"*Sortez, sortez vous dis-je* . . . ." repeated Valentína Mikhaílovna, and stamped her pretty, slender little foot.

Marianna walked in the direction of the door.

"I shall immediately relieve you from my presence; but do you know one thing, Valentína

Mikhaílovna? They say that even Rachel, in 'Bajazet,' did not make a success of that '*sortez!*'—much less you! And one thing more: what was it you said . . . . '*Je suis une honnête femme, je l'ai été, et le serai toujours*'?—Just imagine! I am persuaded that I am far more honest than you are! Farewell!"

Marianna hastily left the room, and Valentína Mikhaílovna sprang up from her chair, made an effort to scream, tried to cry. . . But what to scream—she did not know; and the tears did not obey her.

She confined herself to fanning herself with her handkerchief; but the scent which it disseminated acted still more powerfully on her nerves. . . . She felt that she was unhappy, insulted. . . . She recognised that there was a certain amount of truth in what she had just heard. But how could any one judge her so unjustly? "Can it be that I am such a wicked person?" she thought, and surveyed herself in the mirror which was directly opposite her, between two windows. The mirror reflected a charming, somewhat distorted visage overspread with red patches but still enchanting, magnificent, soft, velvety eyes. . . . "I? Am I wicked?"—she thought again, ... "with such eyes?"

But at that moment her husband entered—and again she covered her face with her handkerchief.

"What is the matter with thee?"—he inquired anxiously.—"What is the matter with thee, Válya?" (He had invented for her that pet name, which, however, he only permitted himself to use when they were entirely tête-à-tête, and chiefly in the country.)

At first she refused to tell him, asserted that there was nothing the matter with her . . . but ended by turning round very prettily and touchingly in her chair, throwing her arms on his shoulders—(he was bending over her)—hiding her face in the opening of his vest—and telling him everything; without any subtlety, and without any mental reservation she endeavoured—if not to excuse, at least, in some degree, to exculpate Marianna; she threw the entire blame on her youth, her passionate temperament, the defects of her early education; also, to a certain degree—and also without mental reservation, she blamed herself. "That would not have happened with my daughter!—I would have looked after her in a different manner!" Sipyágin heard her out to the very end, graciously, sympathetically—and severely; he kept his body bent until she removed her hands from his shoulders, and took away her head;—he called her an angel, he kissed her on the brow, he declared that he knew now what manner of action his rôle—the rôle of master of the house—prescribed to him—and withdrew, as a humane but energetic

man withdraws who is preparing to fulfil some unpleasant, but indispensable duty. . . .

At eight o'clock, after dinner, Nezhdánoff, as he sat in his chamber, was writing to his friend Sílin.

"Friend Vladímir, I write to thee at the moment of a decisive change in my existence. I have been turned out of this house, I am going away from here. But that would be nothing. . . . I am not going away alone. The young girl of whom I have written to thee is to accompany me. Everything unites us: the similarity of our life-fates, identity of convictions, aspirations, reciprocity of sentiment, in short. We love each other: at least, I am convinced that I am not capable of experiencing the sentiment of love in any other form than that under which it now presents itself to me. But I should be telling thee a lie, if I were to say that I do not experience a secret terror, or even a sort of strange sinking at the heart. . . . . Everything is dark ahead—and we are dashing headlong into that darkness together. I need not explain to thee what we are setting out to do and what sort of activity we have chosen. Marianna and I are not seeking happiness; we do not desire to enjoy ourselves,—but to struggle together, side by side, lending each other support. Our goal is clear to us; but what paths lead to it—we do not know. Shall we find, if not sympathy, at least the possibility of action?—Marianna is a splendid, honest girl: if we are fated to perish, I shall not reproach myself for having led her astray, because there was no other life for her. But Vladímir, Vladímir! my heart is heavy. . . . Doubt tortures me, not as to my feeling toward her,

of course, but . . . . I know not!—Only, now it is too late to turn back. Reach out thy hands to us from afar —and wish us patience, the strength for self-sacrifice, and love . . . more love. And thou, the Russian people, which art unknown by us, but art beloved by us, with all the strength of our being, with our whole heart's blood, receive us—without too much indifference—and teach us what we must expect from thee!

"Farewell, Vladímir, farewell."

Having written these few lines, Nezhdánoff betook himself to the village.—On the following night, just as the dawn was beginning to break, he was already standing on the edge of the birch-grove, not far from Sipyágin's garden. A little behind him a peasant-cart, drawn by a pair of unbridled horses, was barely visible through the tangled foliage of a wide-spreading hazel-bush; in the cart, on the network of rope, an old, grey-headed peasant was fast asleep, lying on a truss of hay, and with a patched overcoat drawn over his head. Nezhdánoff was gazing fixedly at the road, at the clump of willows along the garden; the grey, tranquil night still lay round about, the little stars twinkled in rivalry with one another, stuck in the empty depths of the sky. Along the rounded lower edges of the long array of clouds, a pale glow was creeping from the east, and thence, also, breathed the first chill of early morning. All of a sudden, Nezhdánoff started, and grew alert; somewhere, near at hand,

a wicket-gate first squeaked, then banged; a small feminine form, enveloped in a kerchief, with a small bundle in her bare hand, emerged, without haste, from the motionless shadow of the willows, upon the soft dust of the highway—and, crossing it obliquely, as though on tiptoe, directed her steps toward the grove. Nezhdánoff darted to meet her.

"Marianna?"—he whispered.

"It is I!"—the quiet response made itself heard from beneath the pendent kerchief.

"Come this way, follow me,"—replied Nezhdánoff, involuntarily grasping her bare hand with the bundle.

She shivered, as though she felt the chill.—He led her to the cart, and roused the peasant.—The latter sprang up alertly, immediately clambered to the box, thrust his arms into the sleeves of the coat, seized the rope reins. . . The horses started; he cautiously soothed them with a voice that was hoarse from his sound sleep. Nezhdánoff seated Marianna on the network of the cart, first spreading his plaid upon it; he wrapped her feet in a coverlet,—the hay lay on the bottom in heaps,—seated himself by her side,—and, bending over to the peasant, said softly: "Drive on, thou knowest whither."—The peasant jerked the reins, the horses emerged from the border of the grove, snorting and shrinking;—and the cart rolled along the highway, jolting and rattling

its narrow, aged wheels. Nezhdánoff kept one arm around Marianna's waist; she raised her kerchief a little, with her cold fingers,—and turning her face toward him and smiling, she said:

"How splendidly fresh the air is, Alyósha!"

"Yes,"—replied the little peasant,—"there is a heavy dew."

The dew was so heavy that the boxes of the cart-wheels, as they scraped the tops of the tall blades of grass by the roadside, shook from them whole clusters of the finest water-dust, and the green of the grass appeared to be of a bluish-grey.

Again Marianna shivered with the cold.

"It is chilly, chilly,"—she repeated in a merry voice.—"And freedom, Alyósha, freedom!"

XXVII

Solómin rushed out to the factory-gate as soon as his messengers ran to tell him that a gentleman and a lady had arrived in a peasant-cart, and were inquiring for him.—Not greeting his visitors, but merely nodding at them several times, he immediately gave orders to the peasant coachman to drive into the yard.—And, guiding him straight to his own wing, he helped Marianna out of the cart. Nezhdánoff sprang out after her. Solómin led them both through a long, dark, narrow corridor, and up a narrow, crooked staircase, to the rear part of the wing,—to the second story. There he opened a low door, and all three entered a small, but fairly clean, room with two windows.

"Welcome!"—said Solómin, with his habitual smile, which, on this occasion, seemed more expansive and radiant than usual.

"Here are your quarters.—This room, and yonder, alongside, another.—Not showy, but never mind that: you can live in them. And there is no one to stare at you here. Yonder, under your windows—so the proprietor asserts—there is a flower-garden,—but, in my opinion, it is a

vegetable-garden; it runs to the wall, and on the right and left are fences. . It is a quiet little place!—Well, good morning once more! my dear young lady,—and you, Nezhdánoff, good morning!"

He shook them both by the hand.—They stood motionless, did not take off their things—and with taciturn, half-astonished, half-joyful agitation, each of them stared straight in front of him.

"Well, what 's the matter with you?" began Solómin again.—"Remove your vestments!—What things have you with you?"

Marianna pointed to the bundle which she still held in her hand.

"This is all I have."

"And my travelling-bag and a sack are in the cart.—Here now, I 'll get them directly. . . ."

"Stop, stop!"—Solómin opened the door.—"Pável!"—he shouted into the gloom of the staircase—"run, brother . . . there are some things yonder in the cart . . . . bring them here."

"Immediately,"—rang out the voice of the omnipresent Pável.

Solómin turned to Marianna, who had thrown off her kerchief, and had begun to unhook her mantle.

"And did everything go off successfully?"—he asked.

"Yes . . . no one saw us.—I left a letter for Mr. Sipyágin.—I brought no clothes with me, Vasíly Feodótitch, because you are going to send us. . . ." (For some reason, Marianna could not bring herself to add: "to the people.")—"At any rate, it makes no difference; they would not have been suitable. I have money, wherewith to buy what is necessary."

"We will settle all that later on . . . and now,"—said Solómin, pointing at Pável, who was just entering with Nezhdánoff's things—"let me introduce to you my best friend in this place; you can rely upon him thoroughly . . . as though he were myself.—Didst thou speak to Tatyána about the samovár?"—he added, in an undertone.

"It will be here immediately," replied Pável; "and the cream, and everything.—Tatyána is his wife,"—went on Solómin—"and as trustworthy as he is.—Until you . . . well, until you get used to this place,—she will serve you, my dear young lady."

Marianna threw her mantle on a leather-covered couch, which stood in one corner.—"Call me Marianna, Vasíly Feodótitch—I do not wish to be a young lady. . And I want no servant. . . . I did not leave . . . that house with the idea of having a servant. Do not look at my gown; I had no other. I must change all that."

The gown, of light-brown ladies' cloth, was

very simple; but, having been made by a Petersburg dressmaker, it fitted Marianna's waist and shoulders beautifully, and had a stylish aspect in general.

"Well, not a servant—but a 'help,' in American fashion.—But you will drink tea, of course. It is still early, but you must both be fatigued. I am going off now on the business of the factory;—we shall meet again later.—Tell Pável or Tatyána whatever you require."

Marianna quickly offered him both her hands.

"How shall we thank you, Vasíly Feodótitch?"—She gazed at him with emotion.

Solómin gently stroked one of her hands.—"I might say to you: 'it is not worth gratitude,' . . . . but that would be untrue. I had better say to you, that your gratitude affords me great pleasure.—So we are quits. Farewell for the present! Come along, Pável!"

Marianna and Nezhdánoff were left alone.

She flew to him; and gazing at him with the same look as she had at Solómin, only still more joyously, with still more emotion, and more brilliantly,—"Oh, my dear," she said to him,—"we are beginning a new life. . . . At last! at last! Thou canst not believe how lovely and dear these poor quarters, in which we are fated to remain only a few days in all, appear to me, in comparison with that hateful mansion! Tell me, art thou glad?"

Nezhdánoff took her hands and clasped them to his breast.

"I am happy, Marianna, that I am beginning this new life in company with thee!—Thou shalt be my guiding star, my support, my courage. . ."

"Dear Alyósha! But stay—I must clean up a little, and put my toilet in order.—I will go to my room . . . . and thou—wilt remain here.—I will be back in a minute. . . ."

Marianna went into the other room, locked the door—and, a moment later, opening the door half-way, she thrust in her head, and said:—"What a splendid fellow Solómin is!"—Then she locked herself in again—and the click of the key was audible.

Nezhdánoff went to the window, and looked out into the garden . . . . one aged, very aged apple-tree attracted his particular attention, for some reason or other. He shook himself, stretched, opened his travelling-bag—and took nothing out of it; he had fallen into thought.

A quarter of an hour later, Marianna returned with a vivacious, freshly-washed face, all merry and mobile; and a few minutes later, Pável's wife, Tatyána, made her appearance with the samovár, the tea-things, rolls, and cream.

In contrast to her gipsy-featured husband, she was a genuine Russian woman, stout, ruddy-haired, with uncovered head, with a thick plait of hair firmly wound around a horn comb, with

large but pleasant features, and very kind grey eyes. She was dressed in a neat though faded gown of cotton print;—her hands were clean and handsome, although large. She bowed composedly, said, with a firm, distinct enunciation, without any drawl whatever, "Good morning," —and began to place the samovár, the cups, and so forth.

Marianna stepped up to her.

"Allow me, Tatyána; I will help you.—Just give me a napkin."

"Never mind, my lady, we have become used to this.—Vasíly Feodótitch said: 'If anything is wanted, please to give your orders, we will get you everything with great pleasure.'"

"Tatyána, please do not call me 'my lady.' . . . I am dressed like the gentry,—but I . . . I entirely. . . . ."

The intent gaze of Tatyána's keen eyes discomfited Marianna.

"And who are you?"—asked Tatyána, in her even tones.

"If you like . . . . I, really . . . . I am a noble; only, I want to abandon all that—and become like all . . . . like all simple women."

"Ah, so that 's what 's the matter! Well, now I know. You are one of those who wish to simplify themselves.—There are a lot of them, just now."

"What was that you said, Tatyána? Simplify themselves?"

"Yes . . . that 's the word that has come into use among us now. To be in accord with the simple people, that is to say. To simplify themselves.—Well, what of it? It 's a good cause, to teach the people common sense.—Only, is n't it a difficult matter? Oï, dif-ficult?—God grant success!"

"Simplify themselves!"—repeated Marianna. —"Dost thou hear, Alyósha, thou and I are now simplified persons!"

Nezhdánoff laughed, and even repeated:

"Simplify themselves! Simplified persons!"

"And who 's that with you—your little husband,—or your brother?"—asked Tatyána, cautiously rinsing the cups with her large, expert hands, and glancing at Nezhdánoff and Marianna in turn, with a caressing smile.

"No,"—replied Marianna;—"he is neither my husband nor my brother."

Tatyána raised her head.

"So you are living by free grace?—That often happens also—nowadays.—In former times, it used to be more common among the sectarians,[1] —but nowadays, other people practise it also. It 's all right, if only God blesses—and they live

[1] The *raskólniki;* the descendants of those who, like their ancestors in the reign of Alexyéi Mikhaílovitch, refuse to recognise the revised Scriptures and Church books. Naturally, in course of time, they lost their priesthood, and those who constitute the "priestless" branch are obliged to dispense with rites which are dependent, in Russian law, on the priestly intervention. One branch managed to secure priests in a roundabout way.—TRANSLATOR.

in concord!—Then a priest is not necessary. There are some of that sort here in our factory. They are not among the worst, either."

"What nice words you have, Tatyána! . . . . 'by free grace.' . . . That pleases me very much.—See here, Tatyána, I have a favour to ask of you.—I must make or buy myself a gown, like that one of yours, or even more simple still.—And shoes, and stockings, and a kerchief for my head.—I want everything just as you have it.—I have plenty of money for that."

"Certainly, my lady, all that is possible. . . . Well, I won't do it again, please don't be angry. —I will not call you 'my lady.' Only, what am I to call you?"

"Marianna."

"And by what patronymic am I to call you?"

"Why, what do you want with my father's name? Call me simply Marianna. You see, I call you Tatyána."

"It 's the same—and not the same. You had better tell me."

"Very well, then. My father's name was Vikéntiy.—And what was your father's name?"

"Mine was—Osíp."

"Well, then I shall call you Tatyána Osípovna."[1]

[1] It is not customary to add the patronymic in addressing persons of the lower class.—TRANSLATOR.

"And I shall call you Marianna Vikéntievna. So that will be splendid!"

"Won't you drink a cup of tea with us, Tatyána Osípovna?"

"I will, seeing this is the first time, Marianna Vikéntievna. I will indulge myself with a cup. And then Egóritch will scold."

"Who is Egóritch?"

"Pável, my husband."

"Sit down, Tatyána Osípovna."

"And so I will, Marianna Vikéntievna."

Tatyána squatted down on a chair, and began to drink tea, nibbling at her sugar, incessantly turning the lump round in her fingers, and screwing up her eyes on the side on which she took a bite of the sugar. Marianna entered into conversation with her. Tatyána replied without ceremony, and herself questioned and narrated in turn. She almost worshipped Solómin, and ranked her husband directly after Vasíly Feodótitch. But the factory life weighed upon her.

"'T is neither the town nor the country here. . . . I would n't stay an hour, if it was n't for Vasíly Feodótitch!"

Marianna lent an attentive ear to her stories. Nezhdánoff, seating himself on one side, watched his friend, and was not surprised at her attention: all this was new to Marianna—but it seemed to him that he had seen whole hundreds just like

Tatyána—and had talked with them hundreds of times.

"See here, Tatyána Osípovna,"—said Marianna at last;—"you think that we wish to teach the people;—no—we wish to serve them."

"Serve them how? Teach them; there 's service for you. I 'll just take myself as an example. When I married Egóritch, I did not know how either to read or to write; but now I know, thanks to Vasíly Feodótitch. He did not teach me himself—but he paid an old man to do it. That man taught me.—For I was still young, although I was grown up."

Marianna remained silent for a while.

"I should like, Tatyána Osípovna,"—she began again,—"to learn some handicraft . . . . you and I will talk that over hereafter.—I sew badly; if I were to learn to cook, I could go out as a cook."

Tatyána meditated.

"What do you mean by going out as a cook?—Rich people, merchants, have women cooks; but the poor do their own cooking.—And to cook for a working-man's guild, for labourers. . . . Well, that 's the very lowest thing!"

"But I should like to live with a rich man, but know the poor. Otherwise, how am I to come in contact with them?—It is not every day that such opportunities as this occur."

Tatyána turned her empty cup upside down in her saucer.[1]

"It is a difficult matter," she said at last, with a sigh.—"I will show you all I know,—but I do not know much myself. You must talk it over with Egóritch. Such a man as he is! He reads all sorts of little books!—and he can set things straight as easy as turn over his hand."—Here she glanced at Marianna, who was rolling a cigarette. . . . "And here 's another thing, Marianna Vikéntievna: excuse me; but if you really want to simplify yourself—you 'll have to drop that."—She pointed at the cigarette.—"For in these callings, even in that of a cook, it is n't permitted:—and everybody would recognise you instantly for a lady.—Yes."

Marianna flung her cigarette out of the window.

"I will not smoke; . . . it is easy to break myself of the habit.—Simple women do not smoke; consequently, I ought not to smoke."

"You have spoken truly, Marianna Vikéntievna.—The masculine sex indulge themselves with that among us, also;—but not the feminine sex. That 's so! . . . . Ekh! and here 's Vasíly Feodótitch himself coming hither. Those are his footsteps. Do you ask him; he will settle everything at once—in the best manner."

[1] In peasant circles, this indicates that the person positively will not be prevailed upon to drink any more.—Translator.

And, in fact, Solómin's voice resounded outside the door.

"May I come in?"

"Come in, come in,"—cried Marianna.

"That is one of my English habits,"[1]—said Solómin, as he entered. "Well, how do you feel? You have n't been bored yet?—I see that you are drinking tea with Tatyána.—Do you heed her advice; she 's a sensible woman. . . But my proprietor is coming to see me to-day . . . it is very inopportune! And he will stay to dinner.—What can I do? He has the right to dictate on that point also."

"What sort of a man is he?"—asked Nezhdánoff, emerging from his corner.

"He 's all right. He 's no fool. One of the new men. Very polite—and wears mittens—and darts his eyes everywhere, quite equal to the old sort. He 'll skin you himself—and condemn you himself; 'Be so good as to turn on this side;—there 's still a small live spot there . . . I must take it off!'—Well, he 's silky with me; I am necessary to him! Only, I came to tell you that we are not likely to meet again to-day.—Your dinner will be brought to you. And do not show yourselves in the yard. What think you, Marianna, will the Sipyágins hunt you up, pursue you?"

[1] The genuine Russian fashion is to enter without knocking or asking permission.—TRANSLATOR.

"I do not think so,"—replied Marianna.

"And I am convinced that they will,"—said Nezhdánoff.

"Well, it makes no difference," went on Solómin;—"we must be cautious at first. Then things will blow over."

"Yes; only, see here!" remarked Nezhdánoff. "Markéloff must know my place of abode; he must be notified."

"Why?"

"It cannot be otherwise, for the sake of our cause.—He must always know where I am. I have given him my word. And he will not chatter!"

"Very well. We will send Pável."

"And will a garment be ready for me?"—asked Nezhdánoff.

"You mean a costume?—certainly . . . certainly.—A regular masquerade. Luckily, it 's cheap. Good-bye; get rested.—Come along, Tatyána."

Again Marianna and Nezhdánoff were left alone.

XXVIII

The first thing they did was to clasp each other's hands tightly;—then Marianna exclaimed: "Stay—I will help thee to clear up thy room"—and began to unpack some more things from the travelling-bag and the sack. Nezhdánoff made an attempt to help her; but she declared that she would do it all herself.—"For I must learn how to serve." And, in fact, she hung the garments on the nails which she found in the table-drawer, which she herself hammered into the wall with the back of a hair-brush, in default of a hammer; and laid the body-linen in the old bureau, which stood between the windows.

"What is this?"—she suddenly inquired;—"a revolver? It is loaded? What dost thou have it for?"

"It is not loaded . . . but give it here. Thou askest: 'What for?' How can we get along without a revolver in our vocation?"

She laughed, and went on with her work, shaking out each separate thing, and stroking it with her palm; she even placed a couple of pairs of shoes under the divan,—and solemnly laid out several books, a packet of paper, and the small

note-book containing the poems, on the three-legged corner table, calling it the writing- and work-table, in contrast to another, a round one, which she called the dining- and tea-table. Then grasping the poetical note-book in both hands, and raising it to a level with her face, and gazing across its edge at Nezhdánoff, she said, with a smile:

"We are going to read all of this in the time which is free from work, are we not? Hey?"

"Give me that book! I will burn it!"—cried Nezhdánoff.—"It is worthy of no other fate."

"In that case, why didst thou bring it with thee? No, no, I will not give it to thee to burn. And, moreover, they say that composers only threaten—and never burn their things. But, all the same, it will be better to carry it off with me!"

Nezhdánoff attempted to protest, but Marianna fled into the adjoining room with the book, —and returned without it.

She seated herself close to Nezhdánoff—and immediately rose again.—"Thou hast not yet been to call on me . . . in my room. Wouldst thou like to look at it?—It is quite equal to thine own. Come—I will show thee."

Nezhdánoff rose also—and followed Marianna. *Her* room, as she expressed it, was somewhat smaller than *his* room; but the furniture appeared to be cleaner and newer; on the window-

sill stood a glass vase filled with flowers, and in the corner an iron bedstead.

"Thou seest how nice he is, Solómin,"—exclaimed Marianna;—"only, I must not coddle myself too much; such quarters will not often fall to our lot.—And this is what I am thinking: it would be a good thing to manage so that we need not part, but that both of us might enter some position together!—That will be difficult," she added, after a pause.—"Well, we will think it over. It makes no difference, anyway; thou wilt not return to Petersburg?"

"What is there for me to do in Petersburg?—Attend the University—and give lessons? That is entirely inappropriate."

"Let us see what Solómin will say!"—said Marianna.—"He can decide, best of all, what to do and how to do it."

They returned to the first room and again sat down side by side. They praised Solómin, Tatyána, Pável; they mentioned Madame Sipyágin, and how their former life had suddenly retreated into the remote distance, as though it had been enveloped in a mist; then they pressed each other's hands once more—and exchanged joyful glances; then they began to discuss the question, into what spheres of society they ought to try to penetrate, and how they ought to behave, in order that suspicion might not fall upon them.

Nezhdánoff asserted that the less they thought

about that, the more simply they behaved, the better it would be.

"Of course!"—exclaimed Marianna. "For we want to simplify ourselves, as Tatyána says."

"I did not mean it in that sense,"—began Nezhdánoff. "I meant to say that it is not necessary to put constraint upon ourselves. . . ."

Marianna suddenly burst out laughing.

"It has just occurred to me, Alyósha, what I called us both: 'simplified people!'"

Nezhdánoff also laughed, and repeated: "Simplified people" . . . and then fell into thought.

And Marianna also became thoughtful.

"Alyósha!"—she said.

"What?"

"It seems to me that we are both in rather an awkward position.—Young couples—*des nouveaux mariés,*"—she explained,—"on the first day of their wedding journey ought to feel something of that sort.—They are happy . . . they feel so much at their ease—and yet rather embarrassed."

Nezhdánoff smiled—a constrained smile.

"Thou knowest very well, Marianna, that we are not a young married pair—in thy sense of the word."

Marianna rose from her seat, and stood directly in front of Nezhdánoff.

"That depends on thee."

"How so?"

"Alyósha, thou knowest, that when thou shalt tell me, as an honourable man—and I believe thee, because thou really art an honourable man;—when thou shalt tell me, that thou lovest me with love . . . well, with that love which gives a right to the life of another person,—when thou shalt tell me that—I am thine."

Nezhdánoff flushed, and turned away slightly.

"When I shall say that to thee?"

"Yes, then! But now thou seest, that thou dost not say that to me. . . . Oh, yes, Alyósha, thou really art an honourable man. Come, let us talk about more serious matters."

"But I do love thee, Marianna."

"I do not doubt it . . . . and I shall wait. Stay, I have not yet fully set thy writing-table in order; there is something wrapped up, something hard, there. . . ."

Nezhdánoff tore himself from his seat.

"Let that alone, Marianna. . . . That . . . please let it alone."

Marianna turned her head toward him, over her shoulder—and raised her eyebrows in amazement.

"Is it—a secret? A secret? Thou hast a secret?"

"Yes . . . yes,"—said Nezhdánoff,—and added, in utter confusion—by way of explanation:—"It is . . . . a portrait."

This word broke from him involuntarily. In fact, in the paper which Marianna held in her hand was wrapped her portrait which Markéloff had given to Nezhdánoff.

"A portrait?"—she articulated in a slow tone. . . . "A woman's portrait?"

She handed him the packet; but he took it awkwardly; it almost slipped out of his hands, and flew open.

"Why, it is . . . . my portrait!"—cried Marianna, with vivacity. . . . "Come—I have a right to take my own portrait."—She snatched it from Nezhdánoff.

"Didst thou draw this?"

"No . . . I did not."

"Who, then? Markéloff?"

"Thou hast guessed it. . . He did it."

"How comes it in thy possession?"

"He gave it to me."

"When?"

Nezhdánoff narrated the when and the how. While he was speaking Marianna gazed alternately at him and at the portrait . . . and one and the same idea flashed through the minds of both Nezhdánoff and herself. "If *he* were in this room, *he* would have the right to demand. . . ."

But neither Marianna nor Nezhdánoff uttered this thought aloud . . . . possibly because each of them was conscious of it in the other.

Marianna softly wrapped the portrait up in its paper—and laid it on the table.

"He is a good man!"—she whispered. . . . "Where is he now?"

"What dost thou mean by 'where'? . . . . At home, in his own house. I am going to him tomorrow or the day after for some little books and pamphlets. He meant to give them to me, but forgot them when I left."

"And thou, Alyósha—dost thou think that, in giving thee this portrait, he renounced everything . . . positively everything?"

"So it seemed to me."

"And thou expectest to find him at home?"

"Of course."

"Ah!"—Marianna dropped her eyes—dropped her hands.—"Here comes Tatyána with our dinner,"—she cried suddenly.—"What a splendid woman she is!"

Tatyána made her appearance with plates, knives and forks, napkins, and cruet-stand.—While she was setting the table she narrated what had been going on in the factory.

"The master came from Moscow by rail—and began to rush about through all the stories, like a crazy man; and he does n't understand the first thing about it; he only does it for the sake of appearances, by way of example.—And Vasíly Feodótitch treats him like a little bit of a child;—and the master wanted to set up some opposi-

tion—so Vasíly Feodótitch immediately told him in plain terms: 'I 'll throw everything up on the spot,' says he; so he immediately stuck his tail between his legs.—Now they are eating together; and the master brought a companion with him. . . And that companion just does nothing but wonder at everything. And he must be a man with money, that companion, because he chiefly holds his tongue, and shakes his head. And he 's fat, very fat!—A Moscow big-wig! Not for nothing does the proverb say that—Moscow is the bottom of the hill for all Russia: everything rolls into her."

"What notice you take of everything!"—cried Marianna.

"I am an observing person,"—returned Tatyána.—"There, your dinner is ready. Eat, and health be yours. And I 'll sit here a bit and look at you."

Marianna and Nezhdánoff began to eat; Tatyána hitched herself on to the window-sill, and propped her cheek on her hand.

"I 'll look at you,"—she repeated . . . "and what young, delicate creatures you both are. . . It 's such a pleasure to look at you, that it 's even painful! Ekh, my dears! You are taking upon yourselves a burden beyond your strength! Such as you ought to be representatives of the Tzar—what in the world possesses you to settle down in 'chicken-coops'?"

"Never you mind, aunty, don't you scare us," —remarked Nezhdánoff.—"You know the proverb: 'Thou hast called thyself a mushroom —so crawl into the basket.'"[1]

"I know . . . . I know; but the basket has become a tight fit nowadays, and impossible to crawl out of! . . . ."

"Hast thou children?"—asked Marianna, in order to change the subject.

"Yes; a son. He has begun to go to school. I had a daughter, but she died, the darling! A misfortune happened to her; she was run over. And if she had only been killed on the spot! But she was n't—and she suffered a long time. From that time forth I have been compassionate; but before that I was a regular buckthorn—just like wood!"

"Well, and how about your Pável Egóritch—did n't you love him?"

"Ah! that 's quite another thing; that 's—a young girl's affair. And you love your man, of course? Or don't you?"

"Yes, I do."

"Do you love him very much?"

"Yes."

"Indeed. . . . ." Tatyána looked at Nezhdánoff, at Marianna,—and added nothing further.

Again Marianna was forced to change the sub-

[1] In English the proverb is equivalent to: "As you have made your bed, so you must lie upon it."—TRANSLATOR.

ject. She announced to Tatyána that she had given up smoking tobacco; the latter praised her. —Then Marianna asked her again about a dress; reminded her that she had promised to show her how to cook. . . .

"Yes, and here 's another thing: cannot I get some thick, coarse thread? I shall knit stockings . . . . common ones."

Tatyána replied that everything should be attended to in proper fashion, and having cleared the table, she left the room with her firm, calm tread.

"Well, and what shall we do now?"—Marianna appealed to Nezhdánoff;—and without giving him an opportunity to answer:—"As our real work will not begin until to-morrow, what dost thou say to devoting this evening to literature? Wilt thou?—Let us read over thy verses! I shall be a stern judge."

It was a long time before Nezhdánoff would give his consent. . . . But it ended in his yielding and beginning to read from his note-book. Marianna seated herself close by his side, and gazed into his face while he read.—She had spoken the truth; she proved to be a severe judge. A few of the poems pleased her; she preferred the purely lyrical, short ones and, as she expressed it,—the non-edifying ones. Nezhdánoff did not read at all well; he could not bring himself to declaim and would not allow himself to

fall into a dry tone; the result was—neither fish nor flesh—neither one thing nor the other. Marianna suddenly interrupted him with the question: did he know Dobroliúboff's wonderful poem which begins thus: "Let me die—'t is little sadness,"[1]—and then and there recited it to him—not very well, on her part, either—in a rather childish way.

Nezhdánoff remarked that it was bitter and sorrowful to an impossible degree—and then added that he, Nezhdánoff, could not have written that poem, because he had no occasion to fear any tears over his grave.

"There will be some if I survive thee,"—articulated Marianna, slowly, and, raising her eyes to the ceiling, and pausing for a moment, she inquired, in a low tone, as though talking to herself:

[1] "Let me die—'t is little sadness;
One thing alone my pining soul affrights:
It is, lest death should play on me
Some prank insulting.

"I fear, lest o'er my body cold
Some burning tears be shed,
Lest there be some, in stupid zeal,
To bring flowers for my coffin.

"Lest after it, in throng disinterested,
My friends should march,
Lest, 'neath my mound of earth,
I come to be beloved.

"Lest all which I so ardently desired,
So vainly too while living,
Should cheerily smile at me
Over my coffin-boards."

"Works of Dobroliúboff," Vol. IV, p. 615.

"How did he draw that portrait of me? From memory?"

Nezhdánoff turned swiftly toward her. . .

"Yes; from memory."

Marianna was surprised that he answered her. It seemed to her that she had only thought that question.

"It is astonishing . . . ." she went on, in the same voice; "for he has no talent for painting. —What I meant to say . . . ." she added aloud, "was . . . yes! about Dobroliúboff's verses.—People ought to write verses like Púshkin's—or like those of Dobroliúboff:—it is not poetry . . . but is something equally good."

"And such as mine,"—inquired Nezhdánoff, —"ought not to be written?—Is n't that true?"

"Such verses as thine give pleasure to thy friends, not because they are very good—but because *thou* art a fine man—and they are like thee."

Nezhdánoff laughed.

"Thou hast buried them—and me, too, by the way."

Marianna slapped him on the hand and called him wicked. . . Soon afterward she announced that she was tired and would go to bed.

"By the way, thou knowest," she added, shaking back her short but thick curls, "I have one hundred and thirty-seven rubles—and how much hast thou?"

"Ninety-eight."

"Oh! why, we are rich . . . for simplified people.—Well—good-bye until to-morrow."

She left the room; but a few minutes later her door opened a crack—and through the narrow aperture there came a sound; at first: "Good-bye!"—then, more softly: "Good-bye!"—And the key clicked in the lock.

Nezhdánoff threw himself on the divan and covered his eyes with his hand. . . Then he rose hastily, went to the door, and knocked.

"What dost thou want?"—was audible thence.

"Not *until* to-morrow—Marianna . . . . but —to-morrow!"

"To-morrow,"—responded a tranquil voice.

XXIX

Early in the morning of the following day Nezhdánoff knocked again at Marianna's door.

"It is I,"—he replied to her question: "Who is there?"—"Canst thou come out to me?"

"Wait . . . in a minute."

She came forth—and uttered an exclamation of amazement. For a moment she did not recognise him. He wore a threadbare nankeen kaftan of a yellowish hue, with tiny buttons, and a high waist; he had arranged his hair in Russian fashion—with a parting in the middle; he had wrapped his neck in a blue kerchief; in his hand he held a cap with a crooked visor; on his feet were unblacked, calfskin boots.

"Good heavens!"—cried Marianna—"how . . . . homely thou art!"—and then she swiftly embraced him—and still more swiftly kissed him. —"But why hast thou dressed thyself like *this?* Thou hast the aspect of some miserable petty burgher of the town . . . . or a pedlar, or a discharged yard-porter. Why this kaftan—and not a sleeveless, hooked waistcoat, or simply a peasant armyák?"

"That 's exactly the point,"—began Nezhdá-

noff, who, in his costume, really did smack of a petty cattle-dealer, or burgher—and he himself was conscious of it, and in his soul he was both vexed and disconcerted to such a degree that he kept touching himself on the breast with the widely-spread fingers of both hands as though he were cleaning himself. . . . "In a waistcoat or an armyák I should have been recognised immediately, Pável asserts;—but this costume—according to his statements . . . . gives the impression of my never having worn any other since I was born—which is not very flattering to my vanity, I may remark in parenthesis."

"Dost thou really mean to set off at once . . . to begin?"—asked Marianna with animation.

"Yes; I shall make an effort, although . . . to tell the truth . . . ."

"Lucky man!"—interrupted Marianna.

"That Pável is a remarkable sort of fellow,"—continued Nezhdánoff:—"he knows everything; he fairly bores you through and through with his eyes; and then all of a sudden he will put on such a look, as though he had no part in anything—and would meddle with nothing! He is always doing good turns—and always making game of himself.—He has brought me some books from Markéloff; he knows him, also, and calls him Sergyéi Mikhaílovitch. And he is ready to go through fire and water for Solómin."

"And so is Tatyána,"—remarked Marianna. —"Why are these people so devoted to him?"

Nezhdánoff made no reply.

"What books did Pável bring thee from Markéloff?"—asked Marianna.

"Why . . . the usual sort.—'The Story of the Four Brothers.' . . . Well, and the ordinary, familiar lot, also.—However, it is better so."

Marianna glanced about her sadly.

"What has become of Tatyána? She promised to come very early. . . ."

"Here she is, and here am I,"—said Tatyána, entering the room, with a bundle in her hand.—She had been standing in the doorway—and had heard Marianna's exclamation.

"You 'll have plenty of time . . . here 's a pretty sight!"

Marianna fairly flew to meet her.

"Have you brought it?"

Tatyána patted the bundle with her hand.

"Everything is here . . . a complete outfit. . . . . All you have to do is to put it on . . . and go and display yourself—and amaze the people!"

"Akh, come along, come along, Tatyána Osípovna, my dear. . . ."

Marianna drew her into her room.

When he was left alone, Nezhdánoff walked back and forth a couple of times, with a peculiar, lounging gait . . . (for some reason or other,

he imagined that that was the way in which petty burghers walk)—cautiously smelled of his own sleeve, of the inside of his cap—and frowned; he scanned himself in the tiny mirror fastened to the wall near the window, and shook his head: he was very far from comely.—("So much the better, however," he thought.) Then he got a few pamphlets, thrust them into his back pocket—and uttered in an undertone: "Shtosh . . . robyáta . . . . iéfto . . . nitchavó . . . potomúshtsha. . ."[1]—"I think that sounds like the real thing," he thought again; "but what need is there for acting! my costume is my guarantee." And at this point Nezhdánoff recalled an exiled German who had been obliged to flee clear across Russia—and who spoke Russian badly; but, thanks to his merchant's cap with a catskin border, which he had bought in a rural town—he was everywhere taken for a merchant—and he safely regained his own country.

At that moment Solómin entered.

"Aha!" he exclaimed; "thou hast equipped thyself!—Excuse me, brother; in this garb, I cannot address thee as 'you.'"

"Why, do me . . . do thou me the favour—I wanted to ask it of thee, anyway."

[1] They should be pronounced, respectively: *tchto* (what) . . . *rebyáta* (lads) . . . . *éto* (this) . . . . *nitchevó* (nothing) . . . *potomútchto* (because). The point is the pronunciation, as the meaning of all these words varies more or less, according to the context.—TRANSLATOR.

"Only, it 's awfully early; but perhaps thou wishest to become accustomed.—Well, then, it 's all right. Nevertheless, thou must wait: the proprietor has not yet taken his departure. He is asleep."

"I will go out later,"—replied Nezhdánoff. "I will stroll about the neighbourhood until I receive some orders."

"That 's right! Only, see here, brother Alexyéi . . . . I say that right, don't I; Alexyéi?"

"Yes, Alexyéi.—If thou wilt, *Lixyéi,"*—added Nezhdánoff, laughing.

"No; why exaggerate.—Listen: good counsel is better than money.—I see that thou hast some little books; distribute them to whomsoever thou wilt—only not in the factory—no—no!"

"Why not?"

"Because, in the first place, it is dangerous for thee;—in the second place, I have pledged my word to the proprietor that nothing of that sort shall be done here; for the factory belongs to him, after all; in the third place, we have made some beginnings—there are schools, and so forth. . . . Well—thou mightest make mischief. Act at thine own risk, as thou seest fit,—I shall not hinder thee; but don't touch my factory-hands."

"Caution never does any harm . . . . hey?"—remarked Nezhdánoff, with a caustic, half-smile.

Solómin grinned broadly, as was his wont.

"Precisely so, brother Alexyéi; it never does any harm.—But whom do I behold here? Where are we?"

These last exclamations referred to Marianna, who made her appearance on the threshold of her room in a much-washed, motley-hued print gown, with a yellow kerchief about her shoulders, a red one on her head.—Tatyána was peeping forth from behind her back, and good-naturedly admiring her. Marianna looked both fresher and younger in her simple attire: it was much more becoming to her than the long-tailed kaftan was to Nezhdánoff.

"Vasíly Feodótitch, please do not laugh,"—entreated Marianna, and blushed the colour of a poppy.

"Hey, there, young couple!"—Tatyána was exclaiming in the meantime, as she clapped her hands.—"Only, my dear little dove, thou lad, don't be angry; thou art fine, fine; but in comparison with my lass—thou cuttest no figure at all."

"And it 's a fact—she is charming!"—Nezhdánoff said to himself.—"Oh, how I love her!"

"And see here,"—pursued Tatyána:—"she has exchanged rings with me.—She has given me her gold one, and taken my silver one."[1]

[1] According to the strict canonical rule—which is not always complied with—a woman's wedding-ring should be silver, while her husband's is gold, to symbolise their comparative value in the family.—Translator.

"Young girls do not wear plain gold rings,"—remarked Marianna.

Tatyána sighed.

"I will keep it for you, my dear, never fear."

"Come, sit down; sit down, both of you,"—began Solómin, who, with his head somewhat bent, had been gazing at Marianna all this time;—"in former days, as you will remember, people always used to sit down a bit before they set out on a journey.—And you both have a long and arduous journey before you."

Marianna, still blushing vividly, sat down; so did Nezhdánoff; so did Solómin . . . and, at last, Tatyána seated herself also "on the picket,"—that is to say, on a thick billet of wood, which was standing on one end.—Solómin looked at them all in turn.

> "'We're going away, so let us see,
> How well we sit, we three . . . .'"

he said, with a slight contraction of the brows,—and suddenly burst out laughing, but so delightfully that no one took offence, but, on the contrary, every one found it extremely agreeable.

But Nezhdánoff suddenly rose to his feet.

"I am going,"—he said,—"this very minute; all this is very charming—only, it smacks somewhat of vaudeville with change of costumes.—Don't worry,"—he said to Solómin;—"I will not

touch thy factory-hands. I will roam about the neighbourhood, and return and tell thee, Marianna, of my adventures—if there is anything to tell. Give me thy hand, for luck!"

"You ought to drink tea first,"—remarked Tatyána.

"No, what 's the use of tea-drinking!—If necessary, I will step into an eating-house, or simply into a dram-shop."

Tatyána shook her head.

"Along our highways now, the eating-houses have become as thick as fleas in a sheepskin coat. The villages are still extensive . . . take Balmasóvo, for example. . . . ."

"Good-bye, for the present, . . may you remain happy!"—Nezhdánoff corrected himself, entering into his rôle of petty burgher.—But before he could reach the door out of the corridor, under his very nose, Pável popped up—and handing him a tall, slender staff with a strip of bark carved in the form of a spiral for its entire length, remarked:

"Please to receive this, Alexyéi Dmítritch,—lean on it as you walk,—and the further from you you set this stick, the more agreeable it will be."

Nezhdánoff took the staff in silence, and departed; Pável followed him.—Tatyána made a move to leave, also, but Marianna rose and detained her. . .

"Wait, Tatyána Osípovna; I need you."

"But I shall be back directly with the samovár. Your comrade went off without his tea; he was in a great hurry, apparently. . . . But why shouldst thou punish thyself?—When you get further on—things will be clearer."

Tatyána left the room; Solómin also rose to his feet. Marianna was standing with her back to him;—and when, at last, she turned toward him,—as he did not utter a single word for a long time,—she beheld on his countenance, in his eyes, which were riveted on her, an expression which she had not hitherto observed in him: a questioning, uneasy, almost curious expression.

She grew confused, and blushed again.—And Solómin seemed to be ashamed of what she had surprised upon his face, and began to talk more loudly than usual.

"Well, now, Marianna. . . So here you have made a beginning."

"What beginning, Vasíly Feodótitch!—What sort of a beginning is this? I feel very awkward, all of a sudden. Alexyéi spoke the truth: we really are playing a sort of comedy."

Solómin seated himself again on his chair.

"Why, allow me to ask you, Marianna . . . . what sort of an idea are you forming to yourself of this *beginning?*—You don't mean to erect barricades, with a flag on top—and, 'hurrah! for the republic!'—That 's not a woman's business.

—But here, you will teach some Lukérya or other something good to-day;—and it will be difficult for you, because Lukérya does not understand easily, and is abashed by you,—and she fancies, moreover, that what you are undertaking to teach her is entirely superfluous:—and after two or three weeks you will be tormenting yourself with another Lukérya; and, in the meantime, you will wash a small child, or show it its alphabet,—or administer medicine to a sick person . . . there 's a beginning for you."

" But the Sisters of Mercy do that, Vasíly Feodótitch! In that case, what use have I for . . . . all this? "—Marianna pointed to herself, and to her surroundings, with an irresolute gesture of the hand.—" I was dreaming of something else."

" You wanted to sacrifice yourself? "

Marianna's eyes flashed.

" Yes . . . yes . . . yes! "

" And how about Nezhdánoff? "

Marianna shrugged her shoulders.

" What of Nezhdánoff? We shall go together . . . or I shall go alone."

Solómin stared intently at Marianna.

" Do you know what, Marianna? . . You must excuse the impropriety of the expression . . . but, in my opinion, to comb the hair of a scabby little child is a sacrifice,—and a great sacrifice, of which not many are capable."

"But I do not refuse to do that, Vasíly Feodótitch."

"I know that you do not refuse! Yes, *you* are capable of that.—And you will do that—for a while—and then, probably—you will do something else."

"But, to that end, I must learn from Tatyána."

"That also is very good indeed . . . learn. —You will wash pots like a dirty-faced scullery-maid and pluck fowls. . . And then, who knows but you will save the fatherland!"

"You are laughing at me, Vasíly Feodótitch."

Solómin slowly shook his head.

"Oh, my dear Marianna, believe me; I am not laughing at you. And my words contain the simple truth. You are already, all you Russian women, more capable and more lofty than we men."

Marianna raised her drooping lids.

"I should like to justify your expectations, Solómin . . . . and then—I should be ready to die!"

Solómin rose.

"No, live . . . live! That is the chief thing. —By the way, would not you like to know what is going on now in your house, as the result of your flight?—Whether they are not taking some measures? All you have to do is to whisper to

Pável:—he will find out all about it in a twinkling."

Marianna reflected.

"What a remarkable man that is of yours!"

"Yes . . he is rather astonishing.—Now, when you get ready to marry Alexyéi—he will arrange that also, with Zosíma. . . Remember, I told you that there is a priest. . . And he is not wanted . . . yet? No?"

"No."

"Well, if he is n't—he is n't."—Solómin walked to the door which separated the two rooms—Nezhdánoff's and Marianna's—and stooped down to the lock.

"What are you looking at there?"—asked Marianna.

"Does the key work?"

"Yes,"—whispered Marianna.

Solómin turned to her.—She did not raise her eyes.

"So it is not necessary to find out what the intentions of the Sipyágins are?"—he said cheerily:—"it is n't necessary?"

Solómin was on the point of departing.

"Vasíly Feodótitch. . . ."

"What is your will?"

"Tell me, please, why you, who are always so taciturn, are so talkative with me? You cannot imagine how it delights me."

"Why?"—Solómin took both of her small,

soft hands in his large, hard hands.—"Why?—Well, it must be because I am very fond of you. Good-bye."

He left the room. . . . . Marianna stood staring after him, meditated,—and went off to find Tatyána, who had not yet managed to bring her samovár, and with whom she drank tea—to tell the truth,—and also washed the pots, and plucked fowls,—and even combed the tousled head of some boy or other.

Toward dinner-time she returned to her quarters. . . She did not have to wait long for Nezhdánoff.

He returned, weary, dusty—and fairly dropped upon the divan. She immediately seated herself by his side.—"Well, what? Well, what? Tell me!"

"Dost thou remember these two lines,"—he answered her, in a weak voice:

> "'Everything would be ridiculous—
> If it were not so sad. . . .'

"Dost thou remember?"

"Of course I remember."

"Well, those same lines apply capitally to my first excursion. . . But, no! Decidedly there was a great deal about it that was ridiculous. In the first place, I have convinced myself that there is nothing easier than to act a part: no one

dreamed of suspecting me.—Only, what I had not thought of was this: one must concoct some sort of story in advance . . . otherwise, they ask: 'Whence comest thou? Why?'—and thou hast no answer ready. However, even that is almost unnecessary. Only stand a treat to a glass of liquor in the dram-shop—and you may tell what lies you like."

"And didst thou . . . lie?" asked Marianna.

"I did . . . to the best of my ability. . . In the second place, everybody, positively everybody with whom I talked, is dissatisfied; and no one even cares to know how to remedy that dissatisfaction!—But in the matter of propaganda, I proved to be weak; I simply left two pamphlets in rooms, on the sly—and thrust one into a peasant's cart. . . What will come of them,—Thou only, O Lord, knowest!—I offered pamphlets to four men. One inquired whether it was a religious book? another said that he did not know how to read—and took it for his children because there was a picture on the cover; the third first kept agreeing with me—'so-ah, so-ah!' . . . then suddenly swore at me, in the most unexpected manner, and did not take it, either; the fourth at last took it—and thanked me a great deal;—but, apparently, did not understand one jot of all I had been saying to him. Moreover, a dog bit me in the leg; a peasant woman, on the threshold of her cottage, menaced

me with the oven-fork, adding: 'Ugh! disgusting beast!—You Moscow ne'er-do-well!'—And a soldier on leave kept shouting after me: 'Wait! halt! we 'll make things lively for thee, brother!' —And he had been drinking at my expense."

"And what more?"

"What more?—I have rubbed a corn on my foot: one boot is frightfully large. And now I am hungry, and my head is splitting with the vodka."

"Why, didst thou drink a great deal?"

"No, only a little—for the sake of the example; but I have been in five dram-shops. . Only I cannot stand that vile stuff—that vodka—at all. And how our common people drink it—is incomprehensible! If it is necessary to drink vodka in order to simplify myself—no, I thank you!"

"And yet no one suspected thee?"

"Not a soul.—One liquor-dealer, such a fat, pale man he was, with white eyes, was the only man who looked suspiciously at me. I heard him say to his wife: 'Keep thine eye on that red-headed . . . cock-eyed fellow.' (But I never knew before that I was cross-eyed.) 'He 's a sharper; just see how massively he 's drinking!' Precisely what 'massively' denotes in such circumstances, I did not understand; but it was hardly intended for praise.—Something in the line of Gógol's 'moveton' (*mauvais ton*), in

'The Inspector.' Possibly, that I was trying to spill the vodka under the table. Okh, it is difficult, very difficult, for an æsthetic to come in contact with real life!"

"The next effort will be more successful,"—Marianna consoled Nezhdánoff—"but I am glad that thou hast taken a humorous view of thy first effort. . . . For, as a matter of fact, thou hast not found it irksome?"

"No, I was not bored; I even found it amusing.—But I know for a certainty that I shall think about it all now—and I shall feel disgusted and melancholy."

"No, no! I will not let thee think—I will tell thee what I have been doing. Our dinner will be brought directly; by the way, thou must know that I have washed the pot, in which Tatyána cooked the cabbage-soup, in capital style.—And I will tell thee everything . . . everything, with every mouthful."

And so she did. Nezhdánoff listened to her recitals—and gazed and gazed at her . . . . so that she paused several times, in order to give him a chance to say why he was staring at her. . . . . But he maintained silence.

After dinner, she suggested to him that she should read aloud from Spielhagen. But she had not managed to finish the first chapter, when he sprang abruptly to his feet, and, approaching her, fell at her feet. She half rose, he clasped

her knees in both arms—and began to utter passionate, incoherent, desperate words! "He wished to die, he knew that he should die soon." . . . . She never moved, offered no resistance; she calmly yielded to his passionate embrace, calmly, even affectionately she gazed down upon him. She laid both her hands on his head, which he had hidden in the folds of her gown.—But this very composure had a more powerful effect upon him than if she had repulsed him.—He rose, said: "Forgive me, Marianna, for what has happened to-day and yesterday; repeat to me that thou art ready to wait until I shall be worthy of thy love,—and forgive me."

"I have pledged thee my word . . . . I cannot change."

"Well, I thank thee; farewell."

Nezhdánoff left the room;—Marianna locked herself in her chamber.

XXX

A FORTNIGHT later, in the same quarters, this is what Nezhdánoff was writing to his friend Sílin, as he bent over his three-legged table, on which dimly and economically burned a single tallow candle.—(It was already long past midnight. On the divan, on the floor, lay muddy garments, flung off in hot haste; a fine, persistent rain was beating against the windows, and a broad, warm breeze was flitting across the roof in great gusts.)

"DEAR VLADÍMIR, I write to thee, without putting an address, and this letter will even be sent by a special messenger to a distant postal station; for my sojourn here is a secret; and to betray it would mean to ruin not myself alone.—It is enough for thee to know that I have been living in a large factory, in company with Marianna, for these last two weeks. We ran away from the Sipyágins on the very day I wrote to thee. A friend has given us an asylum here: I shall call him Vasíly. He is the principal personage here—a most excellent man. Our sojourn in this factory is temporary. We are staying here until the time for action shall arrive;—although, judging from what has taken place thus far,—that time is not likely ever to arrive!

Vladímir, my heart is very, very heavy. First of all, I must tell thee that, although Marianna and I ran away together—yet we are as brother and sister, up to the present time. She loves me . . . and has told me that she will be mine, if . . . I feel that I have a right to demand that from her.

"Vladímir, I do not feel that I possess that right! She trusts me, trusts in my honour—I will not deceive her. I know that I never have loved, and that I never shall love any one—(this is certainly so)—more than I do her. But, nevertheless! How can I unite her fate to mine forever! A living being to a corpse?—No, not to a corpse—to a being who is half dead?—Where would be my conscience?—Thou wilt say, if there were strong passion,—conscience would hold its peace.—That is precisely the point,—that I am a corpse; an honourable, well-meaning corpse, if thou wilt.—Please do not vociferate that I always exaggerate. . . . Everything I am telling thee is the truth! the truth!—Marianna—is a very reserved nature, and now she is entirely absorbed in her activity, in which she believes. . . While I . . . .

"Come—let us throw aside love and personal happiness—and all that sort of thing.—Here, for the past two weeks, I have been 'going to the people'—and I give you my word that anything more stupid it is impossible to imagine. Of course, it is all my fault—and not the fault of the cause. Let us assume that I am not a Slavyánophil: I am not one of those who *heal themselves* by the people, by contact with them; I do not apply it to my aching abdomen, like a flannel belly-plaster. . . . I want to act upon it myself;—

but how?—How is that to be accomplished? The way it turns out is, that when I am with the people, I am constantly bending down—and listening—and when there is any occasion for me to say something myself—I make a miserable failure of it. I am conscious, myself, that I am not fitted for it. I am just like a bad actor, in some one else's part. Conscientiousness is out of place here, and so is scepticism—and even a sort of wretched humour, directed against myself. . All this is not worth a brass farthing!—The very memory of it is odious;—it is odious to me to look at the old rags which I am dragging around on my person,—at that masquerade, as Vasíly expresses it!—They say that one must learn the language of the common people, learn their habits and customs. . . . Nonsense! nonsense! nonsense! One must *believe* in what he says,—and talk as he pleases! I once chanced to hear something in the nature of a sermon from one of the dissenting prophets. The devil knows what nonsense he was chattering, what sort of a mixture of the church, bookish and popular languages, and of something else which was not Russian,—but a sort of White Russian dialect,—he was using . . . . 'tzobye' instead of 'tebye' [to thee];—'ist' instead of 'yest' [eat];—'ui' instead of 'i'—and, moreover, he kept drumming the same thing over and over, like a black-cock!—'The spirit hath come upon me . . . the spirit hath come upon me. . . .' But his eyes flashed, his voice was dull and firm, his fists were clenched—and he was as if all made of iron! His auditors did not understand—but they adored! And they followed him!—But when I begin to speak,—it is like a guilty man, and I keep begging

forgiveness. I ought to resemble the dissenters—truly; their wisdom is not great . . . . but where do they get their faith, their faith! !—Now, Marianna has faith. She toils from early morning, she bustles about with Tatyána—she is a peasant woman here, kind and far from stupid; by the way, she says of us, that we want to simplify ourselves, and she calls us 'the simplified'; —well, Marianna busies herself with that woman—she never sits down for a minute—she 's a regular ant!—She rejoices that her hands are growing red and hard; and she is in instant expectation that, if necessary, she will ascend the scaffold! The scaffold, forsooth! She has even tried to do without shoes; she went off somewhere barefooted, and returned barefooted. I heard her—afterward—washing her feet for a long time; I noticed that she walked on them with wariness,—because they pained her, through her not being used to it; but she was as cheerful and bright of face as though she had found a treasure, as though the sun were illuminating her. Yes—Marianna is a brave person!—And I, when I begin to talk to her about my feelings—in the first place, I begin to feel ashamed, as though I were putting my hand on other people's property; and, in the second place, that look . . . oh, that dreadful, submissive, unresisting look . . which seems to say:—'Take me . . . . but *remember!* . . . And to what purpose is all this? Is there not something better, something higher on earth?'—That is to say, in other words: 'Don the stinking kaftan, go to the people. . . .' And so I am going to that people. . . .

"Oh, at such times, how I curse this nervousness, this sensitiveness, impressionability, fastidiousness, all that

inheritance from my aristocratic father! What right had he to thrust me into life, equipping me with organs which are incompatible with the sphere in which I must revolve? He created a bird—and pushed it into the water!—an æsthetic—and plunged him into the mud! a democrat, a lover of the common people, in whom the mere odour of that accursed vodka—'green wine'—evokes nausea, almost vomiting. . . . .

"Just see to what lengths I have gone with my vain babbling! I have taken to abusing my father!—And I made myself a democrat: he had nothing to do with that.

"Yes, Vladímir, I am in a bad way. Certain grey, evil thoughts have begun to haunt me!—Thou wilt, in all probability, ask me whether, in the course of these two weeks, I have not hit upon any cheering manifestation, on any good, live, though ignorant man?—What shall I say to thee? I have encountered something of that sort . . . I did even come across one very fine man—a splendid, dashing young fellow.—But turn the subject as I would—he would have none of me and my pamphlets—and that was the end of it! A hand in the factory here, Pável—(he is Vasíly's right-hand man, very clever and adroit, a future 'head' . . . I think I have written to thee about him)—has a friend, one of the peasants. His name is Elizár . . . a bright mind also—and a free soul, without limits; but just as soon as he is with me—it is as though a wall rose up between us! . . He fairly begins to look 'no!' And here 's another whom I hit upon . . . but he was one of the irascible sort.—'Here now, thou, master,' says he, 'don't daub it on—but say it straight out: wilt thou

give up all the land—or not?'—'What dost thou mean?' I answered him,—'what sort of a gentleman am I?' (And I remember, also, that I added: 'Christ be with thee!')—'But if thou art one of the common people, where 's the sense of thy talk?' says he. 'Just be so good as to let me alone!'

"And here 's another thing I have noticed: if any one listens to thee with great willingness, and accepts the little books—thou mayest know he is one of the worthless, stuffed with wind; or, if thou chancest upon a fluent talker—he is one of the educated classes, who knows how to do nothing, except to keep repeating some phrase to which he has taken a fancy.—One, for example, simply tortured me: he kept saying: '*an*dustry.'—Say what you would to him, he replied: 'That, of course, is *an*dustry!'—Ah, devil take thee!—One more observation. . . . Dost thou recall, once upon a time, long ago, there was some talk of 'superfluous' men, of Hamlets?—Just imagine, such 'superfluous men' are now to be met with among the peasants!—Of course, with a peculiar tinge . . . and, moreover, they are chiefly of consumptive build.—They are interesting subjects—and come to us gladly; but so far as the cause is concerned—they are good for nothing; just as the Hamlets of earlier days were. Well, and what is one to do, under the circumstances?—Set up a secret printing-press? But there are plenty of little books without that, and of the sort as to which the saying is: 'Cross thyself, and take thine axe,'—and of the sort to which the saying applies: 'Take thine axe simply.' Concoct tales from popular life, with stuffing? I don't believe they would get printed.—Or, actually, take to

the axe? . . . But to pursue whom, with whom, why?—In order that a government soldier may shoot thee down, slap-dash, with a government gun? But that is a rather complicated sort of suicide! It would be better to put an end to myself with my own hand. At all events—then I shall know when and how,—and can choose for myself, into what spot to fire!

"Really, it seems to me that if a war of the populace were in progress anywhere now—I would betake myself thither, not in order to set any one free (free others, while your own are not free!!)—but in order to make an end of myself. . . .

"Our friend Vasíly, the one who is harbouring us here, is a happy man: he belongs to our camp—and is such a composed fellow.—He is never in a hurry. I would revile any one else, . . . but him I cannot. And it appears that the whole gist of it lies, not in one's convictions—but in the character. Vasíly has a character of the sort which is so finely balanced that the addition of a needle would destroy the equilibrium.—Well, and he is right.—He sits a great deal with me, with Marianna.—And here 's one remarkable thing. I love her, and she loves me (I see that thou wilt smile at this phrase—but God is my witness that it is so!);—but we find hardly anything to say to each other.—But with him she disputes, and argues, and she listens to him.—I am not jealous of him;—and he is preparing to get her a place somewhere—at least, she is beseeching him to do it;—only, my heart grows bitter, as I watch them.—For, just fancy; if I were to hint a word about marriage, she would consent on the spot—and pope Zosíma would appear on the scene—'Rejoice, oh,

Isaiah!'[1] . . . and all the rest of it, in due form. Only, that would not make me more at ease—and *nothing would be changed*. . . . There is no issue to the situation!—Life has docked my tail, my Vladímir, as thou wilt remember that acquaintance of ours, the tipsy tailor, used to say to us when he was complaining about his wife. However, I feel that this will not last long. I feel that something is impending. . . .

"Did not I, myself, demand and demonstrate that we must 'set to work'?—Well, and here we are, about to set to work.

"I do not remember whether I have written to thee about another of my acquaintances, a swarthy-faced man—a relative of the Sipyágins? He will, probably, stir up such a mess as it will not be easy to straighten out. I had meant to wind up this letter—but just see! —I keep scribbling verses.

"I do not read them to Marianna—she does not like them very much—but thou . . . sometimes hast praise for them; but the principal point is, that thou wilt not babble. I have been struck by one universal phenomenon in Russia. . . But here are the verses:

SLUMBER

"'T is long since I have been in my native land. . . .
But I have found in it no noticeable change.
There is still the same deathly, irrational stagnation,
Buildings without roofs, and walls in ruin,

[1] The hymn which is sung in the marriage ceremony, while the priest is leading the bridal pair thrice round the lectern. It is an adaptation (with brief additions) from the last half of Isaiah vii. 14.—TRANSLATOR.

And the self-same dirt, and stench, and poverty, and sadness!
And the same servile glance, now insolent, now dejected. . . .
Our people have become free; and the free hand
Hangs, as of old, like a lean whip-lash.
All, all is as of yore. . . And in one point only
Have we outstripped Europe, Asia, all the world. . . . .
No! never yet with such a frightful slumber
Have my amiable compatriots lain sleeping!

"All around is sleeping: everywhere, in the villages, the towns,
In peasant-carts, in sledges, by day, by night, sitting, standing. . .
The merchant sleeps, the official, too; the guard on watch is sleeping
Beneath the snowy cold—and in the burning heat!
And the condemned man sleeps—and the judge slumbers;
In dead sleep lie the peasants; they reap, they plough —and sleep; they thresh—
And still sleep on; the father sleeps, the mother sleeps, the whole family sleeps. . . .
All are sleeping! He sleeps who beats, and he who receives the beating!
Only the imperial pot-house—closes never an eye;
And clasping the glass of rectified spirits with all five fingers,
With brow resting on the pole, and heels on the Caucasus,
The fatherland, holy Russia, sleeps on, in slumber eternal!

"Pray, forgive me; I did not mean to send thee so melancholy a letter, without even causing thee to smile at the end (thou certainly hast noticed the somewhat strained rhyme in places . . . but that is the least part!).—When shall I write thee my next letter? And shall I write it? Whatever happens to me, I am convinced that thou wilt not forget—

"Thy faithful friend,

"A. N.

"P. S. Yes, our people is sleeping. . . . . But I have a presentiment that if anything should awaken it—it will not be that which *we* think. . . ."

Having written the last line, Nezhdánoff threw aside his pen—and said to himself: "Come—now try to go to sleep and forget all that twaddle, rhymester!"—he went to bed . . . . but for a long time sleep fled his eyes.

On the following morning, Marianna waked him as she passed through his room on her way to Tatyána; but he had only just managed to get dressed, when she came back again. Her face expressed joy and trepidation: she appeared to be excited.

"Dost thou know, Alyósha: they say that in the T. . . . district—near here—it has already begun!"

"What? What has begun? Who says so?"

"Pável.—They say the peasants are rising—that they refuse to pay their taxes, and are assembling in crowds."

"Hast thou heard that thyself?"

"Tatyána told me.—But here is Pável himself. Ask him."

Pável entered, and confirmed what Marianna had said.

"In the T. . . . district things are uneasy—that is true!"—he said, wagging his small beard, and screwing up his brilliant black eyes.—"I suppose it must be some of Sergyéi Mikhaílovitch's work. He has not been at home for the last four days."

Nezhdánoff picked up his cap.

"Whither art thou going?"—asked Marianna.

"Why . . . thither,"—he replied, without raising his eyes, and with frowning brows.—"To the T. . . . district."

"Then I am going with thee. Thou wilt take me, wilt thou not? Only give me time to put on a large kerchief."

"This is not a woman's business,"—said Nezhdánoff gloomily, staring at the floor as before, as though in a rage.

"No . . . no! . . . Thou dost well to go; otherwise Markéloff would consider thee a coward. . . And I am going with thee."

"I am not a coward,"—said Nezhdánoff, in the same gloomy manner as before.

"I meant to say, that he would consider us both cowards. I am going with thee."

Marianna went to her own room to get her kerchief—and Pável emitted an: "Ehe-he!" on

the sly, and as though he were drawing in his breath, and immediately vanished.—He had rushed off to warn Solómin.

Marianna had not yet made her appearance, when Solómin entered Nezhdánoff's room.—The latter was standing with his face to the window, with his brow resting on his hand, and his hand against the glass. Solómin touched him on the shoulder. He wheeled swiftly round.—Dishevelled, unwashed, Nezhdánoff had a wild and strange aspect. Solómin, also, had changed of late. He had grown sallow, his face had lengthened out, his upper teeth had become slightly visible. . . . He, also, seemed agitated, in so far as his " well-balanced " soul was capable of agitation.

" Markéloff has not been able to restrain himself,"—he began.—"This may end badly; for him —in the first place . . . well, and for others, also."

" I want to go, and see what is taking place there . . . ." said Nezhdánoff.

" So do I "—added Marianna, making her appearance on the threshold.

Solómin turned slowly toward her.

" I would not advise you to do it, Marianna.—You might betray yourself—and us; involuntarily, and without any necessity whatever.—Let Nezhdánoff go, and sniff the air a little, if he likes . . . . and only a little, at that!—but why should you go? "

"I do not wish to leave him."

"You will hamper him."

Marianna darted a glance at Nezhdánoff. He was standing motionless, with an impassive, surly face.

"But what if there should be danger?"—she asked.

Solómin smiled.

"Have no fear . . . when there is danger, I will let you go."

Marianna silently removed her kerchief from her head, and sat down.

Then Solómin addressed himself to Nezhdánoff.

"And do thou, brother, as a matter of fact, look into things a bit.—Only, please be as cautious as possible.—But thou shalt be driven thither. And return as speedily as possible. Dost thou promise, Nezhdánoff? Dost thou promise?"

"Yes."

"Yes,—faithfully?"

"Why, everybody here obeys thee, beginning with Marianna."

Nezhdánoff went out into the corridor without bidding them good-bye. Pável popped up from out of the darkness, and ran on ahead down the stairs, clattering the iron-bound heels of his boots.—He was to drive Nezhdánoff.

Solómin seated himself by Marianna.

"Did you hear Nezhdánoff's last words?"

"Yes; he is vexed, because I obey you more than I do him. And, really, he is in the right.—I love *him,* but I obey *you.* He is dearer to me . . . and you are nearer to me."

Solómin cautiously caressed her hand with his.

"This is . . . a very disagreeable predicament,"—he said, at last.—"If Markéloff is mixed up in it—he is lost."

Marianna shuddered.

"Lost?"

"Yes.—He never does anything by halves—and he does not hide behind others."

"Lost!"—whispered Marianna again—and the tears streamed down her face. "Akh, Vasíly Feodótitch, I am very sorry for him! But why cannot he triumph? Why must he, inevitably, perish?"

"Because, Marianna, in such enterprises, the leaders always perish, even if they are successful. . . But in this affair, which *he* has plotted, not only will the first and the second perish—but the tenth . . . . . and the twentieth, also. . . . ."

"And so we shall not live to see the end?"

"The end you have in mind?—Never. We shall not behold it with our eyes: with these living eyes of ours.—Well, with our spiritual eyes. . . . That is another matter. You may as well enjoy it now, on the spot.—There is nothing to hinder."

"Then why do you, Solómin . . ."

"What is it?"

"Why do you walk in that path?"

"Because there is no other.—That is to say, Markéloff's aim and my own are, in reality, the same;—but our roads are different."

"Poor Sergyéi Mikhaílovitch!"—said Marianna sadly. Again Solómin cautiously caressed her.

"Come—enough of that! Nothing is certain as yet. Let us see what news Pável will bring. —In our . . . . profession, we must be firm.—The English say: 'Never say die.'—It is a good saying. Better than the Russian one: 'Misfortune has come, throw open the gate!'—There 's no use in grieving in advance."

Solómin rose from his chair.

"And how about the place which you were to obtain for me?"—asked Marianna suddenly. —Tears were still glistening on her cheeks, but there was no longer any sadness in her eyes.

Solómin sat down again.

"Are you so anxious to get away from here as quickly as possible?"

"Oh, no! but I wanted to be of use."

"Marianna, you are very useful here. Do not leave us, wait.—What do you want?"—inquired Solómin of Tatyána, who entered.—(He addressed Pável only as "thou"—and that because

he was too unhappy, if Solómin took it into his head to call him " you.")

" There 's some sort of a female down-stairs, inquiring for Alexyéi Dmítritch,"—replied Tatyána, laughing, and throwing her hands apart; —" I told her that he was n't with us, not with us at all.—' We don't even know what sort of a man he is,'—says I.—But then he . . . . ."

" Whom do you mean by ' he '? "

" Why, that same female specimen.—She took and wrote her name on this paper here—and says I am to show it—and that he will be admitted; and that if Alexyéi Dmítritch really is not at home, then he will wait."

On the paper, in large letters, stood: " Miss Mashúrin."

" Admit her," said Solómin.—" It will not put you out, if she comes here, will it, Marianna? She, also, is one of us."

" Not in the least."

A few moments later Miss Mashúrin made her appearance on the threshold—in the self-same gown in which we beheld her in the first chapter.

XXXI

"Is not Nezhdánoff at home?"—she asked: then, perceiving Solómin, she stepped up to him, and gave him her hand. — "Good morning, Solómin!"—At Marianna she merely cast a side-long glance.

"He will be back soon,"—replied Solómin.—"But, allow me to inquire, from whom did you learn . . . . ."

"From Markéloff.—But it is already known also, in the town . . . to two or three persons."

"Really?"

"Yes. Some one has been babbling.—And it is said that Nezhdánoff himself has been recognised."

"So much for your disguises!"—muttered Solómin.—"Permit me to introduce you,"—he added aloud.—"Miss Sinétzky, Miss Mashúrin! —Have a seat."

Miss Mashúrin nodded her head slightly, and seated herself.

"I have a letter for Nezhdánoff; I have a verbal request for you, Solómin."

"What is it? From whom?"

"From a person whom you know. . . . How are things with you . . . is everything ready?"

"I have nothing in readiness."

Miss Mashúrin opened her tiny eyes to their fullest extent.

"Nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Do you mean just that—absolutely nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"Is that what I am to say?"

"It is."

Miss Mashúrin meditated, and pulled a cigarette out of her pocket.

"May I have a light?"

"Here is a match for you."

Miss Mashúrin lighted her cigarette.

"'They' expected something different,"—she began.—"And all about, things are quite different from what they are with you. However, that is your business. But I cannot remain with you long. Only, I must see Nezhdánoff, and give him the letter."

"Whither are you bound?"

"Far away from here." (In reality, she was going to Geneva, but did not wish to tell Solómin this. She did not regard him as thoroughly trustworthy, and, moreover, "an outsider" was sitting there. Miss Mashúrin, who knew hardly a word of German, was being sent to Geneva in order that she might there hand over, to a person with whom she was not acquainted, one half of a bit of

cardboard, with a vine-branch sketched on it, and two hundred and seventy-nine rubles.)

"And where is Ostrodúmoff? With you?"

"No. He is there . . . hard by. . . . You 'll hear from him. That 's a man who will respond to a call. Pímen will not come to grief. There 's no occasion for worrying."

"How did you come hither?"

"In a peasant-cart. . . How else should I have come? Give me another match. . . ." Solómin gave her a lighted match. . . .

"Vasíly Feodótitch!"—suddenly whispered a voice outside the door. "Please come here!"

"Who is there? What is wanted?"

"Please come here,"—repeated the voice suggestively and persistently.—"Some strange workmen have arrived, and are saying all sorts of things, and Pável Egóritch is not here."

Solómin made his excuses, rose, and left the room.

Miss Mashúrin began to scrutinise Marianna, and stared so long that the latter grew embarrassed.

"Pardon me,"—she said suddenly, in her rough, abrupt voice,—"I am a plain sort of person, I do not know . . . . how.—Do not be angry; if you choose, do not answer. Are *you* the young girl who left the Sipyágins?"

Marianna was somewhat surprised, but said:

"Yes."

"With Nezhdánoff?"

"Well, yes."

"Pray . . . give me your hand. Forgive me, please. You must be a fine girl, if he has fallen in love with you."

Marianna pressed Miss Mashúrin's hand.

"And are you intimately acquainted with Nezhdánoff?"

"I know him. I have seen him in Petersburg. That is why I speak. Sergyéi Mikhaílovitch told me, also. . . . ."

"Akh, Markéloff! Have you seen him recently?"

"Yes. Now he has gone away."

"Where?"

"Where he is ordered."

Marianna sighed.

"Akh, Miss Mashúrin, I am afraid for him."

"In the first place, why do you call me Miss? Those manners must be discarded. And, in the second place . . . . you say: 'I am afraid.' That, also, is inappropriate. You have no fear for yourself—and you must stop being afraid for others. One must neither think of himself nor fear for himself,—at all. Here is something perhaps . . . . here is something which occurs to me; it is easy for me, Fékla Mashúrin, to speak thus. I am homely. But you see . . . . . you are a beauty. So it would be more difficult for you." Marianna dropped her eyes and turned

away. "Sergyéi Mikhaílovitch said to me . . . (he knew that I had a letter for Nezhdánoff) . . . 'Don't go to the factory,'—he said to me,—'don't carry the letter; it will unsettle everything there. Let it alone! Both of them are happy there. . . . So let them remain! Don't interfere!' I should have been glad not to interfere . . . but what could I do with the letter?"

"It was imperatively necessary to deliver it,"—assented Marianna.—"But how kind he is, Sergyéi Mikhaílovitch! Is it possible that he will perish, Mashúrina . . . or go to Siberia?"

"What if he does! Can't people get away from Siberia? And as for losing his life! Some people find life sweet, others find it bitter.—His life, also, is not refined sugar."

Again Miss Mashúrin gazed intently and searchingly at Marianna.

"And, in truth, you are a beauty,"—she exclaimed at last,—"a regular bird! I am thinking: Alexyéi does not come. . . . Would n't it be well to give you the letter? What 's the use of waiting?"

"I will give it to him, you may feel assured."

Miss Mashúrin leaned her cheek on one hand, and remained silent for a long, long time.

"Tell me,"—she began . . . . "excuse me . . . do you love him very much?"

"Yes."

Miss Mashúrin shook her ponderous head.

"Well, there is no necessity for asking whether he loves you? But I must go, or I shall, probably, be late. Tell him that I was here . . . . and wished to be remembered to him. Tell him: Miss Mashúrin came. You will not forget my name? No? Mashúrin. And the letter. . . . Stay, where did I put it?"

Miss Mashúrin rose, turned aside, pretended to fumble in her pockets, and, in the meantime, hastily carried to her mouth a tiny twisted paper, and swallowed it. "Aï, good heavens! Here 's a piece of stupidity! Can it be possible that I have dropped it? I certainly have. Aï, what a calamity! What if some one should find it! . . No; it is n't anywhere. And so it has turned out as Sergyéi Mikhaílovitch wished!"

"Make another search," — whispered Marianna.

Miss Mashúrin waved her hand.

"No! What 's the use of searching? I have lost it!"

Marianna moved toward her.

"Well, then, kiss me!"

Miss Mashúrin suddenly embraced Marianna, and pressed her to her bosom with a force that was not feminine.

"I would n't have done that for anybody,"— she said dully;—"it 's contrary to my conscience, —in the first place. Tell him to be more cautious. . . And be so yourself also. Look out! Things

will go badly, very badly, with every one here before long. Go away, both of you, until . . . . Farewell!"—she added loudly, and harshly.—"Yes, and one thing more . . . . tell him . . . . No, nothing is necessary. Nothing."

Miss Mashúrin went away, banging the door behind her, and Marianna remained buried in thought, in the middle of the room.

"What is the meaning of this?"—she said at last.—"That woman certainly loves him more than I do! And what do her hints mean? And why has Solómin suddenly gone away, and does not return?"

She began to pace to and fro.—A strange sensation—a mixture of alarm and vexation—and wonder—took possession of her.—Why had not she gone with Nezhdánoff?—Solómin had dissuaded her . . . but where was he himself? And what was going on around her?—Miss Mashúrin, of course, out of sympathy for Nezhdánoff, had not given her that dangerous letter. . . . But how had she been able to bring herself to such disobedience?—Had she wished to display her magnanimity? By what right? And why was she, Marianna, so touched by this act?—An ugly woman takes an interest in a young man. . . . As a matter of fact—what is there unusual about that? And why had Miss Mashúrin assumed that Marianna's affection for Nezhdánoff was more powerful than the sentiment of duty? Perhaps

Marianna had not required that sacrifice at all? And what could that letter have contained?—A summons to immediate activity? What then!!

"And Markéloff?—He is in danger . . . . and we,—what are we doing?—Markéloff is sparing us both, he is giving us the possibility of being happy, he is not separating us . . . what is that? Is it, also, magnanimity . . . or scorn? And was it for this that we fled from that hated house, in order to remain together, and coo like turtle-doves?"

Thus did Marianna meditate. . . And that excited sense of vexation began to grow more and more powerfully active within her. Moreover, her vanity was stung. Why had they all left her . . . *all?* That "fat" woman had called her a little bird, a little beauty . . . . why not a little doll, and be done with it? And why had Nezhdánoff gone away, not alone, but with Pável? Exactly as though he needed a guardian! Yes, and what were Solómin's convictions, after all? Was not he a revolutionary at all? And was it possible that any one could think that she bore herself toward this otherwise than seriously?

This was a specimen of the thoughts which went whirling round and round, chasing one another, and getting entangled, in Marianna's excited brain. Compressing her lips tightly, and folding her arms in masculine fashion, she seated herself, at last, near the window, and again be-

came motionless, without leaning against the back of the chair,—all alert, tense, ready to spring up on the instant. She did not wish to go to Tatyána, to work: she wished but one thing: to wait!—And she waited, obstinately, almost viciously. From time to time, her own mood struck her as strange and incomprehensible. . . . But that made no difference! Once it even occurred to her: was not all this going on in her because of jealousy? But when she recalled poor Miss Mashúrin's face, she merely shrugged her shoulders, and waved her hand, dismissing the thought . . . . not in reality—but with the inward movement which corresponds to that gesture.

Marianna was obliged to wait a long time; at last, she heard the clatter of two persons ascending the stairs. She fixed her eyes on the door . . . the footsteps approached.—The door opened—and Nezhdánoff, supported under the arm by Pável, made his appearance on the threshold. He was deadly pale; his cap was gone; his dishevelled hair fell in dank locks upon his brow; his eyes stared straight in front of him, beholding nothing. Pável led him across the room (Nezhdánoff's legs moved weakly and uncertainly), and seated him on the divan.

Marianna sprang from her seat.

"What is the meaning of this? What is the matter with him? Is he ill?"

But Pável, who was engaged in setting Nezh-

dánoff down, replied to her, with a smile, half turned from her as he stood, over his shoulder:

"Pray do not worry: it will pass off directly. . . It 's only because he is n't used to it."

"But what is it?"—crossed-questioned Marianna, insistently.

"He 's a bit drunk. He drank liquor on an empty stomach; well, and this is the result!"

Marianna bent over Nezhdánoff. He was stretched, in a half-recumbent position, across the divan; his head drooped on his breast, his eyes were dim. . . . . He reeked of vódka: he was drunk.

"Alexyéi!"—broke from her lips.

With an effort, he raised his heavy eyelids, and tried to smile.

"Ah! Marianna!"—he stammered;—"thou hast kept repeating: si . . . sim . . . simplified p . . p . . people;—so now, I 'm a real simplified man. For all our common people are always drunk . . . . that is . . . ."

He relapsed into silence;—then he muttered something unintelligible, closed his eyes . . . and fell asleep.—Pável carefully adjusted him on the divan.

"Don 't feel anxious, Marianna Vikéntievna,"—he repeated:—"he 'll sleep a couple of hours—and get up as though nothing were the matter."

Marianna had intended to inquire how this had come about, but her questions would have de-

tained Pável; and she wished to be alone . . . that is to say, she did not wish that Pável should behold him any longer in such a disgraceful condition in her presence. She walked away to the window—and Pável, who instantly comprehended the whole affair, carefully covered Nezhdánoff's feet with the skirts of his kaftan, placed a pillow under his head, said once more: " It 's all right! " and left the room on tiptoe.

Marianna glanced around. Nezhdánoff's head had sunk heavily into the pillow; on his pallid face an impassive tenseness was visible, as with a person who was gravely ill.

" How did this happen? "—she thought.

XXXII

THE way it had happened was this.

On seating himself with Pável in the peasant-cart, Nezhdánoff had suddenly fallen into an extremely excited state; and no sooner had they driven out of the mill-yard, and begun to roll along the highway in the direction of the T. . . . district, than he had begun to hail and to stop the peasants who passed them, and to make them brief but absurd speeches. "Why do you sleep? Get up! It is time!—Down with the taxes! Down with the landed proprietors!"

Some of the peasants stared at him in amazement; others went on their way past him, paying no heed to his outcries:—they took him for a drunken man; one such, even, on reaching home, related how he had encountered a Frenchman, who was yelling—"something unintelligible, with a thick pronunciation."—Nezhdánoff had sense enough to comprehend how unspeakably stupid, and even absurd, his actions were; but he had gradually "wound himself up" to such a point, that he had ceased to distinguish between what was sensible and what was stupid. Pável tried to soothe him; told him that he must not behave in

that way; that they would soon come to a large village, the first on the boundary of the T. . . . district—" Bábyi Klíutchi " (Women's Springs); that there they would be able to make inquiries. . . But Nezhdánoff did not stop . . . and, at the same time, his face had a mournful, almost despairing expression.

Their horse was very lively, plump, with a closely-clipped mane on its sinewy neck; it trotted along assiduously with its strong hoofs,—and required to be reined in constantly, as though it really were hastening to business, and bearing needful people.—Before they drove into " Bábyi Klíutchi," Nezhdánoff noticed, on one side of the road, in front of an open granary, eight peasant men; he instantly sprang from the cart, rushed up to them, and talked hurriedly for about five minutes, interspersing his remarks with sudden shouts, and flourishing his hands with a backward motion.—The words: " For freedom! Advance! Let us move on breast to breast!" burst forth hoarsely and resonantly from a mass of other less intelligible words. The peasants, who had assembled in front of the granary in order to discuss how to fill it again,—if only for the example —(it belonged to the commune, consequently it was empty)—stared at Nezhdánoff, and, apparently, listened to his speech with great attention; —but it is not probable that they understood anything, for when, at last, he flung away from them,

shouting, for the last time: "Freedom!"—one of them, the most sagacious, shook his head with profound thoughtfulness, saying: "What a severe man!"—and another remarked: "He must be some sort of a superior official!"—To which the sagacious one rejoined: "As a matter of course—he would n't take the skin off of his throat for nothing!"—"They will pay our money now!"—Nezhdánoff himself, as he climbed into the cart, and seated himself beside Pável, thought to himself: "Oh, Lord! What rubbish!—But then, not one of us knows how to make the people rise in rebellion,—perhaps this is the way?—There 's no time to pick and choose! Go ahead! Does your soul ache? Let it ache!"

They drove into a street. In the very middle of it, in front of the dram-shop, quite a number of people were assembled. Pável made an effort to hold back Nezhdánoff, but he flew out of the cart head over heels—and with a howl: "Brothers!" rushed at the crowd. . . . It parted a little; and Nezhdánoff again set to haranguing, without looking at any one, and as though he were in a rage, and weeping. But the result in this case was different from that in front of the granary.—A huge young fellow, with a beardless but savage face, in a short, dirty sheepskin coat, tall boots, and a sheepskin cap, stepped up to Nezhdánoff and, with a sweep of his hand slapping him on the shoulder:—"All right! You 're

a fine fellow!" he vociferated, in a whistling voice; "but halt! Dost thou not know that a dry spoon tears the mouth? Come hither! We can converse much more cleverly yonder."

He dragged Nezhdánoff into the dram-shop: —the rest of the crowd followed them in a mass. "Mikhéitch"—shouted the young fellow: "come on—give us a ten-kopék drink! my favourite tipple! I 'm treating a friend! Who he is, what 's his birth or his tribe—the devil only knows—but nobles must be treated well.—Drink,"—he said, turning to Nezhdánoff, and handing him a heavy, brimming glass, damp on the outside as though perspiring;—"drink,—if thou really art sorry for the likes of us!"—"Drink!"—murmured other voices. Nezhdánoff grasped the glass (he was in a sort of daze),—shouted: "To your health, my lads!" and tossed it off at one gulp.—Ugh! He quaffed it with the same sort of desperate hardihood with which he would have dashed forward to storm a battery, or upon an array of bayonets. . . . But what had happened to him!—Something smote him along the spine, and on his feet, scorched his throat, his breast, his stomach, forced tears into his eyes. . . A shudder of repulsion coursed all over his body,—and he could hardly control it. . . . . He shouted at the top of his voice, for the sake of appeasing it, in some way.—It suddenly became hot, and sticky, and stifling in the dark room of the dram-shop;

what a lot of people had gathered there!—Nezhdánoff began to talk at length, to shout with exasperation, with vehemence, to clap his hands into somebody's broad, wooden palms, to kiss some slippery beards or other. . . . The huge young fellow in the short overcoat also exchanged kisses with him—and all but crushed in his ribs. But this fellow proved to be sort of monster.—"I 'll cut the throat!"—he roared:—"I 'll cut the throat of every man who affronts our brother!—Or I 'll smash his pate in for him. . . . I 'll make him squeak! And I 'm able to do it! I 've been a butcher;—I know that business well!"—And thereupon he exhibited his huge fist, all covered with freckles. . . And at this point—O Lord!—some one began to shout again: "Drink!"—and again Nezhdánoff swallowed that loathsome poison. But this second time was awful! His very insides seemed to be torn with dull hooks.—His head swam—he began to see green circles.—An uproar arose, a ringing. . Oh, horrors! . . . . A third glass. . . Could he possibly get it down? Red noses advanced upon him, dusty hair, sunburned necks, napes furrowed with a net-work of wrinkles.—Hard hands seized hold of him.—"Show thy zeal!"—roared frenzied voices.—"Hold forth! Day before yesterday, just such another queer fish described things finely. — Drive ahead, — Mr. What 's - your-name!" . . . The earth reeled beneath Nezh-

dánoff's feet.—His own voice seemed strange to him, as though it proceeded from somewhere outside. . . Was this death?

And all of a sudden . . . an impression of fresh air on his face—and there was no more jostling, nor red visages, nor reek of liquor, sheepskin coats, tar, leather. . . And once more he was sitting in the cart with Pável, resisting, at first, and shouting: "Where are we going? Stop! I have not yet succeeded in telling them.—I must expound to them . . . ." and then he added: "And as for thee, thou devil, thou crafty man, what are thy opinions?"—And Pável answered him: "It would be a good thing if there were no gentry, and if all the land belonged to us—what could be better?—only, no such decree has been issued";—and quietly turned the horse round,—and suddenly slapped it on the back with the reins,—and off they went, at full speed, from that tumult and hubbub . . . and back to the factory. . . .

Nezhdánoff fell into a doze, and swayed to and fro, and the wind blew agreeably in his face—and did not allow bad thoughts to enter. . . .

Only, he was vexed because he had not been allowed to say all he wished. . . And again the wind caressed his inflamed face.

And then came the momentary apparition of Marianna, the momentary, burning sensation

of disgrace,—and then sleep, deep, death-like sleep. . . .

All this Pável related, later on, to Solómin. Neither did he conceal the fact that he himself had not interfered with Nezhdánoff's drinking . . . and that, had it not been for that, he could not have got him away from the pot-house.—The others would not have let him go.

"Well, and as he was beginning to weaken greatly, I begged with obeisances: 'Gentlemen,' says I, 'honoured sirs, let the lad go; you see, he 's a bit ill. . .' Well, and they released him; 'Only, thou must give us half a ruble to pay thy footing!' they said.—So I gave it."

"And thou didst well,"—Solómin lauded him.

Nezhdánoff slept; and Marianna sat by the window, and stared out into the flower-garden.—And, strange to say!—the evil, almost malicious feelings and thoughts which had agitated her previous to the arrival of Nezhdánoff with Pável left her all at once; Nezhdánoff himself was neither repulsive to her nor disgusting: she pitied him.—She knew very well that he was neither a dissipated man nor a drunkard—and she was already meditating what she would say to him when he should wake: something friendly, so that he might not feel too conscience-stricken and embittered. "I must manage so, I must,—that he shall himself narrate how this calamity befell him."

She was not excited; but she was sad . . . inconsolably sad. There had been wafted to her a genuine breath of that world to which she aspired . . . and she shuddered at its coarseness and ignorance.—To what sort of a Moloch was she preparing to sacrifice herself?

But—no! It could not be!—It had just happened so; it was accidental, and would pass off presently. It was a transitory impression, which had surprised her only because it had been too unexpected.—She rose, went to the divan on which Nezhdánoff was lying, wiped his pale brow, which even in slumber was painfully contracted, with her handkerchief, pushed back his hair. . .

Again she pitied him; as a mother pities her sick child. But she found it rather trying to look at him—and she softly retired into her own room, leaving the door unlocked.

She did not take up any work;—and she sat down again, and again thoughts besieged her.—She felt that time was fleeting past, that moment was vanishing after moment, and she even found it pleasant to feel this—and her heart began to beat—and again she began to expect something.

What had become of Solómin?

The door creaked softly—and Tatyána entered the room.

"What do you want?"—asked Marianna, almost with annoyance.

"Marianna Vikéntievna,"—began Tatyána in

an undertone.—" See here. You must not grieve, because it 's an every-day matter, and, moreover, God be thanked. . ."

" I am not grieving in the least, Tatyána Osípovna,"—Marianna interrupted her.—" Alexyéi Dmítritch is not quite well—it is a matter of no great importance!" . . .

" Well, that 's splendid!—But I kept thinking: My Marianna Vikéntievna does n't come; what 's the matter with her? thinks I.—But I would n't have come to you, all the same—for, in such cases, the first rule is: ' Don't touch, don't molest! '—only, a certain person—who knows what he is?—has made his appearance at the factory. He 's such a little fellow, and lame, to boot; and it 's—just seize and produce Alexyéi Dmítritch for him!—And it 's remarkable: this morning that female was asking for him . . . and now here 's this lame man.—And if you tell them that Alexyéi Dmítritch is n't here,—' Hand over Vasíly Feodótitch!—I won't go away until you do,' says he; ' the business is very important.'—We undertook to drive him away, as we did the woman.—Vasíly Feodótitch really is n't here . . . he has gone off;—but that limpy says:—' I won't go,' says he; ' I 'll wait even if it is until night.' . . . . So he 's walking about the yard.—Here, come hither, into the corridor; you can see him from the window; . . . see whether you know what sort of a cavalier he is."

Marianna followed Tatyána—she was obliged to pass Nezhdánoff—and again she noted the painfully-knitted brow, and again she drew her handkerchief across it.

Through the dusty pane of the window she descried the visitor, of whom Tatyána had spoken. He was a stranger to her.—But at that moment Solómin made his appearance from round a corner.

The little lame man briskly approached him, and offered his hand.—Solómin took it. Evidently he knew this man. Both disappeared. . . .

But lo, footsteps made themselves audible on the staircase. . . They were coming hither. . . .

Marianna quickly returned to her room—and halted in the middle of it, drawing her breath with difficulty.—She felt afraid . . . of what? She herself did not know.

Solómin's head made its appearance at the door.

"Marianna Vikéntievna, permit me to enter your room. I have brought a man who insists upon seeing you."

Marianna merely nodded in reply, and after Solómin there entered—Pákhlin.

XXXIII

"I AM a friend of your husband's,"—he said, bowing low before Marianna, and apparently endeavouring to conceal from her his extremely agitated and terrified face;—"I am also a friend of Vasíly Feodótitch. Alexyéi Dmítritch is asleep;—I hear that he is not well; but I, unfortunately, have brought bad news, which I have managed to communicate, in part, to Vasíly Feodótitch—and in consequence of which it becomes necessary to take some decisive measures."

Pákhlin's voice kept breaking, like that of a man who is parched and tortured by thirst.—The news which he had brought was, in fact, extremely bad!—The peasants had seized Markéloff, and had conducted him to the town. The stupid-appearing clerk had betrayed Golúshkin; he had been arrested.—He, in his turn, was betraying everything and everybody; he wanted to go over to Orthodoxy;[1] he was contributing to the gymnasium a portrait of the Metropolitan Philarét, and had already forwarded five thousand rubles for distribution "to crippled warriors."

[1] That is, to the State Church, from which the *raskólniki* are a schism.—TRANSLATOR.

There could be no doubt about it, that he had betrayed Nezhdánoff; the police might make a descent upon the factory at any moment. Danger also threatened Vasíly Feodótitch.—"As for myself,"—added Pákhlin,—"I am surprised that I am still roaming about at liberty; although, you see, I never did occupy myself with politics, properly speaking, and have never taken part in any plots whatever!—I have taken advantage of the forgetfulness or the negligence on the part of the police, to give you warning, and to consider what means can be used . . . to avoid all unpleasantness."

Marianna listened to Pákhlin to the end.—She was not frightened—she even retained her composure. . . . But, as a matter of fact, was not it necessary to do something?—Her first impulse was to turn her eyes to Solómin.

He, also, appeared to be calm; only, around his lips the muscles were twitching slightly,—and he did not wear his habitual smile.

Solómin understood the significance of Marianna's glance: she was waiting to hear what he would say, that she might act in accordance therewith.

"It really is rather a ticklish piece of business,"—he began; "I assume that it would not be a bad idea for Nezhdánoff to go into hiding for a time.—By the way, how did you come to know that he was here, Mr. Pákhlin?"

Pákhlin waved his hand.

"An individual told me. He saw him while he was roving about the neighbourhood, and haranguing.—Well, and he followed him, though not with any evil intentions.—He is one of the sympathisers. — Pardon me," — he added, addressing Marianna;—"but, really, our friend Nezhdánoff was very . . . . very imprudent."

"There is no use in blaming him now,"—began Solómin again.—"It is a pity that we cannot consult with him; but his indisposition will pass off by to-morrow,—and the police are not as rapid as you suppose. But you will have to go away, Marianna Vikéntievna, as well as he."

"Certainly,"—replied Marianna, in a dull but firm voice.

"Yes!"—said Solómin.—"We must think it over;—we must seek out the where and the how."

"Permit me to state my idea to you,"—began Pákhlin;—"this idea came into my head on my way hither. I hasten to remark, that I dismissed the cabman from town a verst from here."

"What is your idea?"—inquired Solómin.

"It is this.—Give me horses at once . . . and I will dash off to the Sipyágins."

"To the Sipyágins!"—repeated Marianna. . . . "Why?"

"You shall see."

"But do you know them?"

"Not the least bit in the world! But listen.—

Consider my idea well. It seems to me simply a stroke of genius.—You see, Markéloff is Sipyágin's brother-in-law, his wife's brother. Is n't that so? Is it possible that that gentleman will do nothing to save him? And, in addition—Nezhdánoff himself!—Let us assume that Mr. Sipyágin is angry with him. . . But, all the same, Nezhdánoff became his relative, by marrying you. And the danger which hangs over the head of your friend . . . ."

"I am not married,"—remarked Marianna.

Pákhlin actually shuddered.

"What! Have n't you managed it, in the course of all this time?—Well, never mind,"—he added,—"we can lie about it. It makes no difference. You will marry now?—Really, there is no other resource!—Pray note the fact that up to this time Sipyágin has not made up his mind to pursue you. Consequently, he has some . . . magnanimity . . . about him.—I perceive that that expression does not please you. Let us say: a certain amount of self-love. Why should not we profit by it, under the circumstances? Judge for yourself!"

Marianna raised her head, and passed her hand over her hair.

"You may take advantage of whatever you please, on behalf of Markéloff, Mr. Pákhlin . . . or for your own benefit; but Alexyéi and I desire neither the intercession nor the protection of Mr. Sipyágin. We did not leave his house for

the purpose of knocking at his door as petitioners. We have nothing to do with either the magnanimity or the self-love of Mr. Sipyágin or of his wife!"

"These are . . . very laudable sentiments,"—replied Pákhlin—(and thought: "Curse you! you have douched me with cold water!")—"although, on the other hand, if you reflect. . . However, I am ready to submit. I will bestir myself on behalf of Markéloff, of our good Markéloff alone!—I will merely remark that he is related to him not by blood—but only through his wife—while you . . ."

"Mr. Pákhlin, I beg of you . . ."

"I obey . . . I obey!—Only, I cannot refrain from expressing my regret, because Sipyágin is a very powerful man."

"And have you no fears for yourself?"—asked Solómin.

Pákhlin protruded his chest.

"At such moments, it is not fitting that one should think of himself!"—he said proudly.—And, nevertheless, he was thinking precisely of himself.—He wanted (poor, weak creature!) to scamper off like a hare, as the expression is. By virtue of the service rendered, Sipyágin might, in case necessity should arise, speak a word for him.—For he had been mixed up in it! . . explain it away as you might,—he had heard . . . and he had even chattered!

"I think that your idea is not a bad one,"—re-

marked Solómin at last,—"although I cherish little hope of its actual success. In any case, you can make the effort. As for ruining matters—you cannot ruin them."

"Of course not!—Well—let us assume that the worst happens: that they pitch me out, neck and crop. . . Where 's the harm in that?"

"As a matter of fact, there is no harm at all in that . . . ." ("*Merci,*" thought Pákhlin—but Solómin went on:)—"What o'clock is it?—Five. There is no time to be lost. You shall have horses immediately. Pável!"

But instead of Pável, Nezhdánoff made his appearance on the threshold.—He staggered on his feet, and clung with one hand to the jamb of the door,—and, with lips feebly parted, he stared at them with a troubled gaze. He understood nothing.

Pákhlin was the first to approach him.

"Alyósha!"—he exclaimed:—"thou knowest me, dost thou not?"

Nezhdánoff stared at him, winking slowly:

"Pákhlin?"—he said at last.

"Yes, yes: it is I. Thou art not well?"

"No . . . I am not well. But . . . . why art thou here?"

"Why am I. . ." But at that moment Marianna gently nudged Pákhlin with her elbow. He glanced round—and saw that she was making signs to him. . . . "Akh, yes!"—he muttered.

—"Yes . . . exactly so! Why, seest thou, Alyósha,"—he added aloud,—"I came hither on an important matter—and am going on further at once.—Solómin will tell thee all—so will Marianna . . . . Marianna Vikéntievna.—Both of them entirely approve of my plan.—The matter concerns all of us:—that is to say, no, no,"—he caught himself up, in reply to a glance and a gesture from Marianna. . . . "The matter concerns Markéloff; our mutual friend, Markéloff;—him alone. But now, good-bye! Every minute is precious,—good-bye, my friend. . . We shall meet again.—Vasíly Feodótitch, will you come with me to make arrangements about the horses?"

"Certainly.—Marianna, I had intended to say to you: Be firm! But it is not necessary.—You are—the genuine thing!"

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!"—chimed in Pákhlin.—"You are a Roman woman of the time of Cato; Cato of Utica! But come along, Vasíly Feodótitch,—come along!"

"There is plenty of time,"—said Solómin, with a lazy smile. Nezhdánoff moved aside a little, in order to let them both pass. . . But there was the same lack of comprehension as before in his eyes. Then he advanced a couple of paces,—and seated himself softly on a chair, facing Marianna.

"Alexyéi,"—she said to him:—"everything has been discovered; Markéloff has been seized by the peasants, whom he had been trying to in-

cite to rebellion; he is sitting under arrest in the town, as well as that merchant with whom thou hast dined; probably the police will soon come for thee also.—And Pákhlin has gone off to Sipyágin."

"Why?"—whispered Nezhdánoff, in a barely audible voice. But his eyes lighted up—his face assumed its ordinary expression. His intoxication instantly left him.

"In order to try to get him to intercede."

Nezhdánoff drew himself up. . . "For us?"

"No; for Markéloff. He wanted to ask on our behalf also . . . but I would not permit it. —Have I done well, Alexyéi?"

"Hast thou done well?"—said Nezhdánoff, and, without rising from his chair, he stretched out his arms toward her.—"Hast thou done well?"—he repeated—and, drawing her to him, and pressing his face to her form, he suddenly burst into tears.

"What ails thee? What is the matter with thee?"—exclaimed Marianna.—As on the occasion when he had fallen on his knees before her, swooning and panting in a sudden fit of passion, so now, also, she laid both her hands on his throbbing head.—But what she felt now was something entirely different from what she had felt then.—Then she had surrendered herself to him —she had submitted, and only waited to hear what he would say to her.—Now she pitied him—

and thought only of how she might soothe him.

"What is the matter with thee?"—she repeated.—"Why dost thou weep? Can it be because thou hast come home in a somewhat . . . . strange condition? It cannot be!—Or art thou sorry for Markéloff—and alarmed for me, and for thyself? But thou wert not expecting that all this would proceed as though it were oiled!"

Nezhdánoff suddenly raised his head.

"No, Marianna,"—he said, as though breaking off his sobs:—"I am not alarmed either for thee or for myself. . . But, the truth is . . . I am sorry . . . ."

"For whom?"

"For thee, Marianna! I am sorry that thou hast united thy fate with that of a man who is not worthy of it."

"How so?"

"Why, at least, because that man can weep at such a moment!"

"It is not thou who art weeping: it is thy nerves!"

"My nerves and I—are all one! Come, listen, Marianna; look me in the eye: canst thou tell me now that thou dost not repent . . . ."

"Of what?"

"Of having eloped with me."

"No!"

"And thou wilt go further with me? Everywhere?"

"Yes!"

"Yes? Marianna . . . yes?"

"Yes. I have given thee my hand, and so long as thou shalt remain the man whom I have loved —I will not take it away."

Nezhdánoff remained seated in his chair. Marianna stood in front of him. His arms encircled her waist; her hands rested on his shoulders.— "Yes," "no"—thought Nezhdánoff . . . "but formerly, when I chanced to hold her in my arms, —as now,—her body remained motionless, at least, but now, I feel it is softly, and—perhaps against her will—withdrawing from me!"

He unclasped his arms. . . And, in fact, Marianna had perceptibly retreated.

"See here!"—he said aloud.—"If we must flee . . . before the police have caught us . . . I think it would not be a bad idea for us to get married first. I do not believe we shall find so obliging a priest as Zosíma anywhere else!"

"I am ready,"—said Marianna.

Nezhdánoff gazed attentively at her.

"A Roman woman!"—he said, with an unpleasant half-smile.—"A sense of duty!"

Marianna shrugged one shoulder.

"We must tell Solómin."

"Yes . . . . Solómin . . . ." drawled Nezhdánoff.—"But danger must threaten him, also,

I think. The police will seize him also.—It strikes me that he has taken a greater share and has known more than I have."

"I know nothing about that,"—replied Marianna.—"He never talks of himself."

"That 's not like me!" thought Nezhdánoff.—"That is what she meant to say."—"Solómin . . . Solómin!"—he added, after a prolonged pause.—"See here, Marianna, I would not pity thee if the man to whom thou hast united thy life forever—were such an one as Solómin . . . or were Solómin himself."

Marianna, in her turn, gazed attentively at Nezhdánoff.

"Thou hadst no right to say that,"—she said at last.

"I had no right!—In what sense am I to understand these words? In the sense that thou lovest me—or in the sense that I ought not to touch upon that subject in general!"

"Thou hadst not the right,"—repeated Marianna.

Nezhdánoff hung his head.

"Marianna!"—he ejaculated, in a changed voice.

"What?"

"If now . . . what if I were now to put to thee that question, which thou knowest? . . . . No, I will ask thee nothing . . . . farewell!"

He rose and left the room; Marianna did not

detain him. Nezhdánoff sat down on the divan, and covered his face with his hands. He was frightened at his own thoughts, and tried not to think.—He was conscious of one thing: some dark, subterranean hand had laid hold of the very root of his being—and would never more release him. He knew that that fine, precious creature, who had remained in the adjoining room, would not come forth to him;—and go in to her, he dared not. And to what end? What had he to say?

Swift, firm footsteps made him open his eyes. —Solómin passed through his room, and after knocking at Marianna's door, he entered.

"Honour and place!"—said Nezhdánoff, in a bitter whisper.

XXXIV

It was already ten o'clock in the evening, and in the drawing-room, at the village of Arzhánoe, Sipyágin, his wife, and Kallomyeítzeff were playing cards, when a footman entered and announced the arrival of a stranger, a Mr. Pákhlin, who wished to see Borís Andréitch on the most pressing and important business.

"So late!"—remarked Valentína Mikhaílovna in surprise.

"What?" — asked Borís Andréitch, — and wrinkled his handsome nose.—"What didst thou say that gentleman's name is?"

"He said: Pákhlin, sir."

"Pákhlin!"—exclaimed Kallomyeítzeff. "A regular rustic name.—Pákhlin . . . . Solómin . . . . *De vrais noms ruraux, bien?*"[1]

"And thou sayest,"—pursued Borís Andréitch, turning to the lackey, with his nose still wrinkled up,—"that his business is important, pressing?"

"So he says, sir."

"H'm. . . . Some beggar or intriguer."—("Or both combined"—interjected Kallomyeí-

[1] Pákhlin comes from the word *tow;* Solómin from *straw.*—Translator.

tzeff.)—"Very possibly. Show him into my study."—Borís Andréitch rose.

"*Pardon, ma bonne.*—Please play écarté in the meantime.—Or wait for me. . . . I will be back shortly."

"*Nous causerons . . . allez!*" said Kallomyeítzeff.

When Sipyágin entered his study, and beheld the wretched, puny little form of Pákhlin, which was submissively clinging to the wall, in the interval between the chimney and the door,—he was overpowered by the truly Ministerial sentiment of haughty compassion, and fastidious condescension, which are so genuinely characteristic of Petersburg dignitaries.—"Oh, Lord! What an unfortunate, puny wretch!"—he thought; "and he seems to be lame, to boot!"

"Sit down,"—he said aloud, bringing into play his affable, barytone notes, with an agreeable backward twitch of his head, held well in the air—and seating himself in advance of his visitor.—"You are weary with your journey, I suppose: sit down, and explain yourself. What is the important business which has brought you to me at so late an hour?"

"Your excellency, I,"—began Pákhlin, cautiously letting himself down into an arm-chair,—"have permitted myself to present myself to you . . . ."

"Wait a bit, wait a bit,"—Sipyágin inter-

rupted him.—" I have seen you before. I never forget a single face with which I chance to come in contact; I remember everything.—A . . . a . . . a . . . where . . . precisely, was it, that I met you?"

" You are not mistaken, your excellency.—I have had the honour of meeting you in Petersburg, at the house of a man, who . . . . who, since that time . . . has, unhappily, . . aroused your wrath. . . ."

Sipyágin hastily rose from his chair.

" At Mr. Nezhdánoff's! I remember now. —It cannot be that you have come from him?"

" Not at all, your excellency; on the contrary . . . I . . . ."

Sipyágin sat down again.

" And you have done well. For, in that case, I would have asked you to withdraw at once.—I cannot tolerate any mediator between myself and Mr. Nezhdánoff. Mr. Nezhdánoff has dealt me one of those affronts which cannot be forgotten. . . . I am above revenge;—but I do not wish to hear anything about either him or about that young girl—who is, however, more depraved in mind than in heart" (this phrase Sipyágin was repeating now for about the thirtieth time since Marianna's flight) — " who brought herself to abandon the protection of the home which had sheltered her in order to become the mistress of a

swindler without any relatives!—It suffices to say of them, that I forget them!"

At this last word, Sipyágin turned his wrist away from him, from below upward.

"I forget them, my dear sir!"

"Your excellency, I have just stated to you, that I have not presented myself here on their behalf;—although, I may, nevertheless, inform your excellency, that they are already united in the bonds of legal marriage. . . . ."

("Ah! it makes no difference!" thought Pákhlin: "I said that I would lie . . and I have lied. Let it go at that!")

Sipyágin wriggled the nape of his neck against the back of the chair, to right and left.

"That does not interest me in the least, my dear sir.—There is one foolish marriage more in the world—that is all.—But what is that extremely pressing business to which I am indebted for the pleasure of your visit?"

"Ah! cursed director of a department!" thought Pákhlin again.—"Stop your airs, you English snout!"

"Your wife's brother,"—he said aloud,—"Mr. Markéloff,—has been seized by the peasants, whom he had taken it into his head to stir up to rebellion—and is locked up in the Governor's house."

Sipyágin sprang to his feet for the second time.

"What . . . what did you say?"—he stam-

mered, no longer in his Ministerial barytone,—but anyhow, in a sort of vile guttural voice.

"I said that your brother-in-law has been seized, and is sitting in chains.—As soon as I heard about it, I got horses, and drove hither to inform you. I assumed that thereby I might be rendering a service, both to you, and to the unfortunate man, whom you may be able to save!"

"I am very grateful to you,"—said Sipyágin, in the same feeble voice as before—and with a flourish, he brought his hand down upon a bell, in the form of a mushroom, and filled the whole house with the metallic ring of its steely tones.—"I am very grateful to you,"—he repeated, more sharply this time;—"but you must know that a man who has made up his mind to trample all laws, divine and human, under foot, be he a hundredfold my relative,—is not an unfortunate in my eyes: he is—a criminal!"

A footman rushed into the study.

"You are pleased to order?"

"A carriage! A carriage and four, this very moment!—I am going to town.—Philípp and Stepán are to go with me!"—The footman flew out.—"Yes, sir, my brother-in-law is a criminal; and I am going to town, not with the object of saving him!—Oh, no!"

"But, your excellency . . . . ."

"Such are my principles, my dear sir.—And

I beg that you will not annoy me with your objections!"

Sipyágin took to striding up and down the study,—and Pákhlin's eyes fairly started out of their sockets.—"Whew, the devil!" he thought: —"why, people have said of thee that thou wert a liberal!—But thou art a roaring lion!"

The door flew open, and with hasty steps there entered, first, Valentína Mikhaílovna,—and after her, Kallomyeítzeff.

"What is the meaning of this, Borís? thou hast ordered a carriage to be harnessed? Thou art going to town? what has happened?"

Sipyágin stepped up to his wife—and grasped her by the arm, between the elbow and the wrist. —"*Il faut vous armer de courage, ma chère.*— Your brother has been arrested."

"My brother? Seryózha? What for?"

"He has been preaching socialistic theories to the peasants"—(Kallomyeítzeff uttered a faint squeak). "Yes! He has been preaching revolution to them, he has been making propaganda! They have seized him—and handed him over to the authorities.—Now he is sitting . . in the town."

"The madman! But who has told you this?"

"This gentleman, here . . . Mr. . . . what the deuce is his name? . . . Mr. Konopátin[1] brought the news."

[1] *Konopát*—oakum, tow.—Translator.

Valentína Mikhaílovna glanced at Pákhlin. The latter made her a dejected bow.

("What a distinguished woman!"—he said to himself.—Even in such difficult moments . . . akh, how susceptible Pákhlin was to the influence of feminine beauty!)

"And thou wilt go to town—so late?"

"I shall still find the Governor up."

"I have always predicted that it must end in this way," — interposed Kallomyeítzeff. "It could not be otherwise!—But what splendid fellows our Russian peasants are!—Marvellous!—Pardon, madame, *c'est votre frère! Mais la vérité avant tout!*"

"Dost thou really mean to go, Bórya?"—asked Valentína Mikhaílovna.

"I am convinced,"—pursued Kallomyeítzeff, "that that fellow also, that teacher, Mr. Nezhdánoff, is mixed up in this.—*J'en mettrais ma main au feu.*—They all belong to the same gang! Have n't they seized him? Don't you know?"

Again Sipyágin gave his wrist a twist.

"I do not know—and I do not wish to know! By the way,"—he added, addressing his wife,—"*il paraît qu'ils sont mariés.*"

"Who says so? That same gentleman?"—Valentína Mikhaílovna again cast a look at Pákhlin, but this time she screwed up her eyes.

"Yes, that gentleman."

"In that case,"—put in Kallomyeítzeff,—"he

certainly knows where they are.—Do you know where they are? Do you know where they are? Hey? Hey? Hey? Do you know?"—Kallomyeítzeff began to skip to and fro, in front of Pákhlin, as though desirous of barring his road, although the latter had evinced not the faintest inclination to run away.—"Come, speak! Answer! Hey? Hey? Do you know? Do you know?"

"Even if I did know,"—articulated Pákhlin, irritably,—his bile was beginning to work, and his small eyes were beginning to flash:—"even if I did know, I would n't tell you."

"Oh . . . oh . . . oh,"—muttered Kallomyeítzeff. "Do you hear that! . . Do you hear that!—And this fellow also—this fellow also must be one of their band!"

"The carriage is ready!" bawled the footman, entering.

Sipyágin seized his hat, with a fine, dashing gesture;—but Valentína Mikhaílovna began so insistently to entreat him to remain until the next morning, she presented to him such convincing arguments: it was night outside, and everybody would be asleep in town, and he would only upset his nerves, and might catch cold,—that Sipyágin at last agreed with her, and exclaimed:

"I surrender!"—and with a gesture as fine, but no longer as dashing, he put his hat on the table.

"Unharness the carriage!"—he ordered the footman;—"but let it be ready to-morrow promptly at six o'clock in the morning! Dost thou hear?—Go!—Stop!—Dismiss the equipage of Mr. . . . of our visitor! Pay the cabman!—hey? I think you made some remark, Mr. Konopátin!—I will take you with me to-morrow, Mr. Konopátin!—What do you say? I cannot hear. . . You drink vodka, I suppose?—Bring some vodka for Mr. Konopátin!—No? You do not drink?—In that case . . . . Feódor! Show him to the green chamber!—Good night, Mr. Kono . . . ."

Pákhlin lost patience at last.

"Pákhlin!"—he vociferated.—"My name is Pákhlin!"

"Yes . . . yes; well, it 's all the same.—Very much alike, you know. But what a loud voice you have, for your spare build!—Farewell until to-morrow, Mr. Pákhlin. . . *Did* I say it right that time? *Siméon, vous viendrez avec nous?*"

"*Je crois bien!*"

And Pákhlin was conducted to the green chamber. And they even locked him in. As he got into bed, he heard the key click in the English lock.—He cursed himself vigorously for his "inspired" idea—and slept very badly.

On the following morning, at half-past six, they came and waked him. Coffee was served to him; while he was drinking it, the footman, with

a variegated shoulder-knot on one shoulder, waited, holding the tray in his hands, and shifting from one foot to the other, as much as to say: "Hurry up there—the gentlemen are waiting." Then he was escorted down-stairs. The carriage was already standing in front of the house.—Kallomyeítzeff's calash was standing there also. Sipyágin made his appearance on the porch, in a camlet cloak, with a circular cape. No one had worn cloaks of that pattern for a long time past, with the exception of one dignitary of very high degree, to whom Sipyágin tried to be obsequious, and whom he imitated. Therefore on important, official occasions he donned a similar cloak.

Sipyágin made Pákhlin a fairly courteous bow—and indicating the carriage to him with an energetic gesture of the hand, he requested him to seat himself in it.—"Mr. Pákhlin, you are to drive with me, Mr. Pákhlin! Put Mr. Pákhlin's travelling-bag on the box! I shall take Mr. Pákhlin"—he said, emphasising the word Pákhlin, and the letter *a*. As much as to say: "Thou hast such an appellation, and yet takest offence when I alter it?—So, take that! Taste it! Choke yourself!"—Mr. Pákhlin! Pákhlin!! The ill-starred name echoed sonorously through the cool morning air. It was so cool, that it made Kallomyeítzeff, who came out behind Sipyágin, ejaculate several times, in French: "Brrr! brrr! brrr!"—and wrap himself more snugly in his

cloak, as he took his seat, in his dandified calash, with its top thrown back.—(His poor friend, Prince Mikhaíl Obrenóvitch, of Servia, after having seen it, had purchased one exactly like it for himself, of Binder. . . . . *"Vous savez, Binder, le grand carrossier des Champs-Élysées?"*) From behind the half-opened shutters of her bedroom, Valentína Mikhaílovna was peeping out, "in cap, in night-kerchief."

Sipyágin, as he took his seat, threw her a kiss.

"Are you comfortable, Mr. Pákhlin? Drive on!"

"Je vous recommande mon frère, épargnez-le"—Valentína Mikhaílovna's voice made itself heard.

"Soyez tranquille!"—cried Kallomyeítzeff, with a daring glance at her from beneath the rim of some sort of a travelling-cap with a cockade, of his own concoction. . . *"C'est surtout l'autre qu'il faut pincer!"*

"Drive on!"—repeated Sipyágin.—"You are not cold, Mr. Pákhlin?—Drive on!"

The carriages drove off.

For the first ten minutes, both Sipyágin and Pákhlin maintained silence.—The unlucky Sílushka, in his paltry little coat and well-worn cap, seemed more miserable than ever against the dark-blue background of rich silken material with which the interior of the carriage was upholstered. He scrutinised his surroundings in silence,—the

delicate sky-blue shades, which rolled up quickly at the mere pressure of a finger on the spring, and the strip of the softest white lamb's-wool under their feet,—and the mahogany case, fastened in front, with a movable cover, for letters, and even little shelves for books—(it was not so much that Borís Andréitch was fond of working in his carriage, as that he wished to have other people think that he was, like Thiers, while travelling). Pákhlin quailed. Sipyágin cast a couple of glances at him, over his cheek, which was shaved until it shone—and, with deliberate dignity drawing from his side-pocket a silver cigar-case with a curly monogram in Slavonic script—offered . . . . actually offered him a cigar, barely holding it between the second and third fingers of his hand, endued in a yellow English glove of dogskin.

"I do not smoke,"—muttered Pákhlin.

"Ah!" — responded Sipyágin, and himself lighted the cigar, which proved to be a superb regalia.

"I am bound to tell you . . . my dear Mr. Pákhlin,"—he began, as he affably puffed away at his cigar, and emitted circular clouds of fragrant smoke . . . . "that I . . . really . . . am extremely . . . . grateful . . . to you. . . . I may have appeared to you . . . . last night . . . a trifle harsh . . . . which is not in my . . . . character." (Sipyágin split his speech up irregularly with deliberate intent.)

"I venture to give you this assurance.—But, Mr. Pákhlin, just put yourself in my place."—(Sipyágin rolled his cigar from one side of his mouth to the other.)—"The position which I occupy brings me . . . so to speak . . . into prominence; and, all of a sudden . . . my wife's brother—compromises both himself . . . . and me in such an incredible manner! Hey? Mr. Pákhlin!—Perhaps you think that is of no consequence?"

"I do not think that, your excellency."

"You do not know on what charge . . . and precisely where, they arrested him?"

"I heard that it was in the T. . . . district."

"From whom did you hear it?"

"From . . . from a man."

"Of course, it was not from a bird.—But from what sort of a man?"

"From . . . from an assistant of the business manager in the Governor's chancellery. . . ."

"What is his name?"

"The manager's?"

"No, his assistant's."

"His name . . his name is Ulyashévitch. He is a very fine official, your excellency.—On learning of this occurrence, I immediately hastened to you."

"Well, yes, well, yes!—And I repeat that I am extremely obliged to you.—But what madness!—It is madness, is it not? Hey? Mr. Pákhlin? Hey?"

"Perfect madness!" — exclaimed Pákhlin— and the sweat coursed down his back like a warm snake.—"That is what comes,"—he went on,— "of not understanding the Russian peasant.— Mr. Markéloff, so far as I am acquainted with him, has a very kind and noble heart:—but he never has understood the Russian peasant." (Pákhlin darted a glance at Sipyágin, who, slightly turning toward him, was enveloping him with a cold, though not a hostile gaze.)

"The Russian peasant cannot even be drawn into revolt otherwise than by taking advantage of his loyalty to the highest authority, to the Imperial House. Some sort of a legend must be invented—recall Dmítry the Pretender;—some imperial tokens must be exhibited on the breast, burnt in with heated five-kopék coins."

"Yes, yes, like Pugatchyóff,"—interrupted Sipyágin, in the sort of tone which seemed to say: —"We have n't forgotten our history yet . . . don't describe it!"—and adding:—"This is madness! this is madness!"—he became engrossed in contemplation of the brisk stream of smoke which was rising from the tip of his cigar.

"Your excellency!" — remarked Pákhlin, summoning up his courage:—"I told you awhile ago that I did not smoke . . . but that is not true—I do smoke; and your cigar is so ravishingly fragrant . . . ."

"Hey? What? What 's that?"—said Si-

pyágin, seeming to wake out of a doze;—and, without giving Pákhlin a chance to repeat what he had said, thereby conclusively proving that he had heard his words perfectly well, but had put the reiterated questions merely for the sake of showing his importance,—he held out his open cigar-case.

Pákhlin cautiously and gratefully began to smoke.

"Here 's a convenient moment, apparently," he thought; but Sipyágin forestalled him.

"I remember that you said to me, also,"—he articulated, in a careless voice, interrupting himself, inspecting his cigar, pulling his hat from the back of his head over his brow:—"that you said . . . hey? you said something about . . . . about your friend, who has married my . . . . relative. —Are you in the habit of seeing them?—Have they settled down near here?"

"Ehe!" thought Pákhlin,—"he 's a strong one, beware!"

"I have seen them only once, your excellency! They are living, in fact . . . not so very far from here."

"You understand, of course,"—went on Sipyágin, in the same manner,—"that I can no longer take a serious interest, as I have already explained to you,—either in that giddy young girl, or in your friend.—Good heavens! I have no prejudices, but you surely must agree that

this is altogether too much.—It is stupid, you know; however, I assume that what brought them together is politics" . . . . ("politics! !"—he repeated, and shrugged his shoulders)—"rather than any other feeling."

"And I assume the same thing, your excellency!"

"Yes, Mr. Nezhdánoff was a regular Red.—I will do him the justice to say that he did not conceal his opinions from me."

"Nezhdánoff,"—risked Pákhlin,—"may have got led astray; but his heart . . ."

"Is good,"—interposed Sipyágin; "of course . . . of course, so is Markéloff's.—They all have good hearts.—Probably he took part also,—and will also be drawn into it. . . . I must intercede for him also!"

Pákhlin clasped his hands across his breast.—"Akh, yes, yes, your excellency!—Show him your protection! Really . . . he is worthy . . . worthy of your sympathy."

Sipyágin grinned.

"Do you think so?"

"In short, if not for him, at least for your niece; for his wife!"—("My God! My God!"—thought Pákhlin,—"how I am lying!")

Sipyágin knit his brows.

"You are a very devoted friend, I perceive. That is good; that is praiseworthy, young man.—So they are living near here, you say!"

"Yes, your excellency; in a large establishment. . ." Here Pákhlin bit his tongue.

"Te, te, te, te . . . with Solómin! so that's where they are!—But I was aware of that; I had heard of that—I had been told. . . Yes." —(Mr. Sipyágin had known nothing of the sort, and no one had told him any such thing; but, calling to mind Solómin's visit, their nocturnal meetings, he had cast that bait. . . And Pákhlin had immediately made a dash for it.)

"If you know it,"—he began, and again he bit his tongue. . . . But it was already too late. . . From the glance alone which Sipyágin darted at him he comprehended that the latter had been playing with him, all the while, as a cat plays with a mouse.

"But, your excellency," — faltered the unhappy man:—"I am bound to say that I really know nothing. . ."

"But I am not interrogating you, good gracious! What do you mean?—For what do you take me and yourself?"—said Sipyágin haughtily.—And immediately mounted his Ministerial heights.

And again Pákhlin felt that he was paltry, small, trapped. . . Up to that moment, as he smoked, he had placed his cigar in the corner of his mouth away from Sipyágin, and had emitted his smoke softly, to one side; at this point, he took

it out of his mouth altogether, and ceased to smoke.

"My God!"—he groaned inwardly—and the boiling sweat streamed down his limbs in still greater abundance than before.—"What have I done!—I have betrayed everything and everybody. . . I have been fooled, I have been bought with a good cigar!! . . . I am an informer . . . and how can I remedy the mischief now? O Lord!"

There was no remedy for the mischief.—Sipyágin began to doze in a dignified, important way, also like a Minister, enveloped in his "stately" cloak. . . . And before another quarter of an hour had elapsed, both equipages drew up before the Governor's house.

XXXV

THE Governor of the town of S.... belonged to the category of good-natured, indolent, fashionable generals—generals who are endowed with a wonderfully well-washed white body, and a soul almost equally clean—thoroughbreds, well educated, and, so to speak, made of the finest wheaten flour, generals who, though they have never prepared themselves to be "shepherds of the people," display, notwithstanding, very respectable administrative ability—and, while they work little, and sigh incessantly for Petersburg, and run after pretty provincial women, are of indubitable utility to the special government, and leave a good memory behind them.—He had only just got out of bed—and, seated in front of his toilet-table, in a silk dressing-gown, and a night-shirt open on the breast, he was engaged in rubbing, with eau de cologne and water, his face and his neck, from which last he had, as a preliminary, removed a whole collection of small images and amulets,—when the arrival of Sipyágin and Kallomyeítzeff, on important and pressing business, was announced to him.—With Sipyágin he was very intimate and they addressed each other as "thou,"

—they had known each other since childhood, and had constantly encountered each other in the drawing-rooms of Petersburg—and of late he had begun mentally to add to his name, every time that it entered his mind—a respectful "Ah!"—as to the name of a future dignitary. With Kallomyeítzeff he was somewhat less well acquainted, as "unpleasant" complaints had begun to come in with regard to him for some time past; nevertheless, he regarded him as a man—*qui fera chemin*—in one way or another.

He gave orders that his visitors should be requested to be so good as to come to his study—and instantly went to them, in his silk dressing-gown, without even making an apology for receiving them in such an unofficial attire—and shook hands with them in friendly fashion.—But only Sipyágin and Kallomyeítzeff entered the Governor's study; Pákhlin remained in the drawing-room. On alighting from the carriage, he had attempted to slip away, murmuring that he had business at home; but Sipyágin, with courteous firmness, detained him,—(Kallomyeítzeff had rushed up, and whispered in Sipyágin's ear: "*Ne le lâchez pas! Tonnerre de tonnerres!*") and had taken him along with him. But he did not take him into the study, and requested him—with the same courteous firmness—to remain in the drawing-room until he should be summoned.—Even then, Pákhlin had hopes of making his

escape . . . but a sturdy gendarme made his appearance at the door, in response to Kallomyeítzeff's warning. . . . Pákhlin remained.

"Thou assuredly must guess what has brought me to thee, *Voldemar?*"—began Sipyágin.

"No, my dear soul, I cannot guess,"—replied the amiable epicurean,—while an affable smile rounded his rosy cheeks, and displayed his brilliant teeth, half-veiled in a silky moustache.

"What? . . . But about Markéloff, thou knowest?"

"What is Markéloff?"—repeated the Governor, with the same aspect as before.

In the first place, he did not clearly recall that the man who had been arrested the day before was named Markéloff;—and, in the second place, he had totally forgotten that Sipyágin's wife had a brother who bore that name.—"But why dost thou stand, Borís?—sit down; wilt thou not have some tea?"

But Sipyágin was in no mood for tea.

When he had at last explained the state of the case, and for what reason he and Kallomyeítzeff had come, the Governor uttered a grieved exclamation, smote his brow, and his face assumed a melancholy expression.

"Yes . . . yes . . . yes!"—he repeated:—"what a calamity! And he is sitting there, in my house—to-day—for the time being! Thou know-

est, we never keep *that sort* with us more than one night; but the chief of the gendarmes is not in town: so thy brother-in-law has got stranded. . . But he will be transferred to-morrow. My God, how disagreeable!—How grieved thy wife must be!! What is it thou desirest?"

"I should like to see him here, in thy presence, if it is not contrary to the law."

"Goodness, my dear fellow!—the law was not written for such people as thou.—I feel *so* much sympathy for thee. . . . *C'est affreux, tu sais!*"

He rang in a special manner. An adjutant made his appearance.

"My dear Baron, please take the proper measures."—He told him what to do, and how to do it. The baron disappeared.—"*Imagine, mon cher ami:* the peasants almost murdered him. Hands bound behind him, in a peasant-cart—and—forward, march!—And he, just fancy!—is not a bit angry with them—and is not indignant, upon my word, he is not! And, altogether, he is so composed. . . I was amazed! but here, thou wilt see for thyself.—*C'est un fanatique tranquille.*"

"*Ce sont les pires,*"—remarked Kallomyeítzeff sententiously.

The Governor cast a sidelong glance at him.

"By the way, I must have a talk with you, Semyón Petróvitch."

"Why?"

"Why, because; it 's a bad business."

"What, in particular?"

"Why, you know, your creditor, that peasant, who came to me to complain . . ."

"Well?"

"He has hung himself, you know."

"When?"

"It makes no difference when;—but it 's a bad business."

Kallomyeítzeff shrugged his shoulders, and walked off to the window, with a dandified, swaying gait. At that moment the adjutant led in Markéloff.

The Governor had told the truth about him: he was unnaturally composed.—Even his habitual moroseness had vanished from his face, and had been supplanted by an expression of a sort of indifferent weariness. It did not change when he caught sight of his brother-in-law; and only in the glance which he darted at the German adjutant who had brought him in did a momentary remnant of his ancient hatred for that sort of people flash forth.—His coat had been torn in two places, and hastily sewn together with coarse thread; small scratches, with the blood dried on them, were visible on his forehead, above his eyebrow, and on the bridge of his nose.—He had not washed, but he had combed his hair. Thrusting both his wrists deeply into his sleeves, he halted not far from the door. . He breathed evenly.

"Sergyéi Mikhaílovitch!" — began Sipyágin in an agitated tone, stepping up to within a couple of paces of him, and extending his right hand sufficiently to enable it to touch—or to stop him, if he made a movement in advance,—"Sergyéi Mikhaílovitch! I have come hither not merely for the purpose of expressing to thee our amazement, our profound grief; as to that, thou canst have no doubt!—Thou thyself *hast determined* to ruin thyself! And thou hast done it!—But I wished to see thee, in order to tell thee . . eh . . . eh . . . in order to give . . . in order to render it possible for thee to listen to the voice of reason, of honour, and of friendship! Thou mayest still lighten thy fate; and, believe me, I—I, on my side, will do everything in my power!—the respected chief of our local government here will confirm this to thee."—Here Sipyágin raised his voice:—"Sincere repentance of thy errors, a full confession, without any concealment, which will be presented in the proper quarter . . . ."

"Your excellency,"—said Markéloff suddenly, turning to the Governor,—and even the sound of his voice was calm, although a little hoarse: "I supposed that you wished to see me—and to examine me again, perhaps. . . But if you have summoned me hither solely at the desire of Mr. Sipyágin, then be so good as to give orders to have me taken away: we cannot understand

each other.—Everything he says is all Latin to me."

"Permit me . . . Latin!"—interposed Kallomyeítzeff, superciliously and shrilly:—"and is this Latin, to stir the peasants to revolt?—Is that Latin? Hey? Is that Latin?"

"Pray, your excellency, is this your official of the secret police? Such a zealous fellow?"—inquired Markéloff—and a faint smile of satisfaction touched his pallid lips.

Kallomyeítzeff began to hiss and stamp his feet. . . . But the Governor stopped him.

"It is your own fault, Semyón Petróvitch. Why do you meddle with what does not concern you?"

"With what does not concern me . . . with what does not concern me! . . . It strikes me that this is everybody's business—the business of all of us nobles. . ."

Markéloff surveyed Kallomyeítzeff from head to foot with a cold, deliberate stare,—as though with a final gaze,—and turned a little toward Sipyágin.

"But if you, my dear brother-in-law, wish to have me explain my ideas to you—here you have them: I admit that the peasants had a right to arrest me, and surrender me, if what I said to them did not please them.—They were free to do it.—I went to them; they did not come to me.—And the government,—if it sends me to Siberia

. . . I shall not repine—although I do not consider myself guilty. It is doing its duty, because it is protecting itself. . . Does this satisfy you?"

Sipyágin threw his hands upward.

"Satisfy me!! What a word!—That is not the question—and it is not for us to judge how the government will act; but what I want to know is, do you feel—dost *thou* feel—Sergyéi"—(Sipyágin had made up his mind to play upon the heart-strings)—"the imprudence, the madness of thy undertaking, art thou ready to prove thy *penitence* by deeds, and can I stand surety—stand surety, to a certain extent,—for thee, Sergyéi?"

Markéloff contracted his thick eyebrows.

"I have said my say—and I will not repeat it."

"But repentance? Where is thy repentance?"

Markéloff's patience suddenly gave way.

"Akh, let me alone with your 'repentance'! Do you want to force yourself into my very soul? Leave that, at least, to me."

Sipyágin shrugged his shoulders.

"There now, that is just like thee; thou wilt not heed the voice of wisdom! Thou art offered the possibility of getting out of thy scrape quietly, nobly . . ."

"Quietly, nobly . . . ." repeated Markéloff, surlily.—"We know all about those words! They are always used to a man when it is being

suggested to him that he shall commit a villainy. That 's what they signify, those words!"

"We pity you,"—Sipyágin continued to exhort Markéloff,—"but we do not hate you."

"A fine pity! Off with us to Siberia, to hard labour . . . that 's the way you show your pity for us! Akh, let me alone—let me alone, for God's sake!"

And Markéloff hung his head.

There was great confusion in his soul, calm as his outward aspect was. What pained and tortured him most of all was, that he had been betrayed,—and by whom! By Eremyéi of Goloplyótzk! That Eremyéi, in whom he had had such blind faith!—That Mendelyéi the "Porpoise" had not followed him really did not surprise him. . . . . Mendelyéi was drunk, and therefore was cowardly. But Eremyéi!! To Markéloff, Eremyéi was, as it were, the incarnation of the Russian people. . . And he had betrayed him!—So everything for which Markéloff had toiled, everything was wrong, was different?—And Kislyakóff had lied,—and Vasíly Nikoláevitch had been prating nonsense, and all those articles, books, compositions of the socialists, of the thinkers, every letter of which had seemed to him indubitable and impregnable, was all that—mere wind? Was it possible?—And that beautiful comparison of the ripening abscess, which was awaiting the thrust of the lancet—was it, also, a

mere phrase? "No! no!"—he whispered to himself, and athwart his bronzed cheek flitted a faint, brick-coloured flush: "No; it is all true; all . . but *I* am to blame, *I* was incapable, *I* did not say the right thing, did not set about it in the right way! —I ought simply to have given commands, and if any one attempted to interfere, to resist,—fire a bullet into his head! There is no need for going into details. Whoever is not with us has no right to live . . . spies are killed like dogs . . . worse than dogs!"

And the details of his capture presented themselves to Markéloff's mind. . . . At first, silence, mutual winks, shouts in the rear ranks. . . Then one man comes up on the side, makes a feint of bowing. Then that sudden tumult! Then he is thrown to the ground. . . . "My lads . . my lads . . what are you about?"—And they: "Give us a belt! Bind him! . . ." His bones crack . . . and impotent wrath . . . and the stinking dust in his mouth, in his nostrils. . . . "Drag him along, drag him along . . to throw him into the cart." Some one laughs thickly . . . fie!

"I did not set about it rightly—I did not set about it rightly. . . ."

This, in particular, it was that pained and tortured him; but that he had fallen under the wheels —that was his personal misfortune; it did not affect the cause in general,— it could be borne. . . But Eremyéi! Eremyéi!

While Markéloff stood there, with his head drooping on his breast, Sipyágin led the Governor aside, and began to talk to him in an undertone, throwing his hands a little way apart, playing a little tattoo on his forehead with his fingers, as though desirous of showing that that unfortunate man was not quite right in his mind, and, in general, endeavouring to arouse, if not sympathy, at least leniency toward the madman.—But the Governor shrugged his shoulders, now elevated, now closed his eyes, regretted his own powerlessness,—yet promised a little something. . . . . "*Tous les égards . . . certainement, tous les égards . . . .*" the words became audible, in a pleasing lisp, as they flowed softly through the perfumed moustache. . . . "But thou knowest, there is the law."—"Of course, there is the law!"—chimed in Sipyágin, with a certain stern submission.

While they were conversing in a corner, Kallomyeítzeff simply could not keep still in one place: he moved backward and forward, he smacked his lips slightly, he yawned, he exhibited all the signs of impatience. At last he approached Sipyágin, and said, hastily:

"*Vous oubliez l'autre!*"

"Ah, yes!"—said Sipyágin aloud.—"*Merci de me l'avoir rappelé.*—I must bring the following fact to the notice of your excellency,"—he said, turning to the Governor. . . . . (He addressed his friend *Voldemar* in this manner, for

the express purpose of not compromising his prestige, in the presence of the rebel.) "I have solid grounds for assuming that my *beau-frère's* crazy enterprise has several ramifications; and that one of those branches—that is to say, one of the suspected persons—is not very far from this town.—Order him to be brought in," he added, in a loud voice.—"Yonder, in thy drawing-room, there is a . . . I brought him hither."

The Governor, glancing at Sipyágin, said to himself, with respect: "What a man!"—and issued the order.—A minute later, the servant of God, Síla Pákhlin—stood before his eyes.

Síla Pákhlin began by making a low bow to the Governor; but, on catching sight of Markéloff, he did not finish his bow, and so remained, half-bent, twisting his cap in his hands.

"Is this the branch?"—inquired the Governor, pointing at Pákhlin with a large, white finger, adorned with a turquoise.

"Oh, no!"—replied Sipyágin, with a half-smile.—"However!"—he added, after a brief reflection.—"Here, your excellency,"—he began again, aloud,—"you have before you a certain Mr. Pákhlin. He is, so far as I am aware, a resident of Petersburg, and the intimate friend of a certain person who lived with me in the capacity of tutor, and fled from my house, taking with him,—I add this with a blush,—a young girl, a relative of mine."

"Ah! *oui, oui,*" murmured the Governor, and nodded his head, from above downward:—"I have heard something. . . The Countess told me. . . ."

Sipyágin raised his voice.

"This person is a certain Mr. Nezhdánoff, whom I strongly suspect of erroneous conceptions and theories. . . ."

"*Un rouge à tous crins,*"—put in Kallomyeítzeff. . . .

". . . . Of erroneous conceptions and theories,"—repeated Sipyágin with still greater distinctness,—"and, as a matter of course, not alien to this whole propaganda. He is hiding . . . so Mr. Pákhlin has told me,—in the factory of merchant Falyéeff. . . ."

At the words: "So Mr. Pákhlin has told me," Markéloff darted another glance at Pákhlin, but only smiled slowly and indifferently.

"Excuse me, excuse me, your excellency,"—shouted Pákhlin,—"and you, too, Mr. Sipyágin: I never . . . never . . . ."

"Of merchant Falyéeff, thou sayest?"—said the Governor to Sipyágin, merely wriggling his fingers in the direction of Pákhlin:—as much as to say:—"Be quiet, my good fellow, be quiet."—"What is going on with them, with our respected Big-beards? One was caught yesterday, also, in connection with this same affair. Perhaps thou hast heard his name: Golúshkin, a wealthy man.

Well, he will not get up a revolution. He is fairly crawling on his knees."

"Merchant Falyéeff has nothing whatever to do with this,"—said Sipyágin with great distinctness of enunciation.—"I am not acquainted with his views; I am merely referring to his factory, in which, according to Mr. Pákhlin's statements, Mr. Nezhdánoff is at the present moment."

"I did not say so!"—yelled Pákhlin again. —"It was *you* who said it!"

"Pardon me, Mr. Pákhlin,"—articulated Sipyágin, with the same pitilessly distinct enunciation as before.—"I respect that feeling of friendship which inspires your 'denegation.'" ("Whew . . . Guizot!" said the Governor to himself.) "But I shall take the liberty of not setting you up as an example for myself. Do you suppose that the sentiment of blood-relationship is not as strong in me as your sentiment of friendship?—But there is another feeling, my dear sir, which is still more powerful, and must guide our actions and our deeds: the feeling of duty!"

"*Le sentiment du devoir,*"—explained Kallomyeítzeff.

Markéloff surveyed both speakers from head to foot with a glance.

"Mr. Governor,"—said he,—"I repeat my request: please give orders to have me taken away from these gabblers."

But at this point the Governor lost patience a little.

"Mr. Markéloff!"—he exclaimed:—"I would advise you to exercise a little more control over your tongue, and more respect for your superiors . . . especially when they are expressing patriotic sentiments, like those which you have just heard from the mouth of your brother-in-law! —I shall consider myself fortunate, my dear Borís,"—added the Governor, addressing Sipyágin,—" in being able to bring your noble deeds to the knowledge of the Minister.—But with whom is that Mr. Nezhdánoff actually staying—at that factory?"

Sipyágin frowned.

"With a certain Mr. Solómin, the head mechanician there, as this same Mr. Pákhlin told me."

It appeared to afford Sipyágin particular satisfaction to torment poor Sílushka: he was now taking his revenge on him for the cigar which he had given him in the carriage, and for his familiarly-polite behaviour to him, and even playfulness with him.

"And that Solómin,"—chimed in Kallomyeítzeff,—" is an undoubted radical and republican, and it would not be a bad thing if your excellency were to turn your attention to him also."

"Do you know these . . . . gentlemen . . . Solómin . . . and, what's his name? and . . .

Nezhdánoff?"—the Governor asked Markéloff, in rather official fashion, through his nose.

Markéloff malevolently inflated his nostrils.

"And you, your excellency, do you know Confucius and Titus Livius?"

The Governor turned away..

"*Il n'y a pas moyen de causer avec cet homme,*"—he said, shrugging his shoulders.—"*Monsieur le Baron,* please come here."

The adjutant dashed up to him;—and Pákhlin, choosing his time, approached Sipyágin, hobbling and limping.

"What is this that you are doing,"—he whispered:—"why are you ruining your niece? For she is with him, with Nezhdánoff, you know!..."

"I am not ruining anybody, my dear sir,"—replied Sipyágin aloud:—"I am doing as my conscience bids me and . . . . ."

"And your wife, my sister, who has you under her thumb,"—interjected Markéloff in an equally audible voice.

Sipyágin, as the saying goes, did not even perceive his existence. So far beneath him was this!

"Listen,"—Pákhlin went on, in a whisper,—his whole body was quivering with excitement, and, possibly, with fear,—and his eyes were gleaming viciously, and the tears were rising in his throat,—tears of pity for *them,* and of vexation at himself;—"listen: I told you that she was married—it is not true—I lied to you!—

But that marriage was to take place, and if you interfere with it—if the police make their appearance there—there will be a stain on your conscience which you can never wash off, and you . . . ."

" The information communicated by you,"—interrupted Sipyágin, in a louder tone than ever,—" if it be correct, which I have the right to doubt, —the information can have no effect save to hasten those measures which I should have considered it necessary to take; and as for the purity of my conscience, I must request you, my dear sir, not to trouble yourself about that."

" It is polished smooth, brother,"—put in Markéloff again:—" it has been done over with Petersburg varnish; no liquid will take effect on it! But do thou, Mr. Pákhlin, whisper, whisper away, as much as thou wilt: thou canst not whisper thyself out of the scrape."

The Governor thought it necessary to put a stop to all these recriminations.—" I think, gentlemen,"—he began,—" that you have said quite enough—and therefore, my dear Baron, take Mr. Markéloff away. *N'est ce pas,* Borís, thou hast no further need of . . . ."

Sipyágin threw out his hands.

" I have said everything I could. . . ."

" Very good! . . . . My dear Baron! . . ."

The adjutant stepped up to Markéloff, clicked his spurs, made a horizontal gesture with his hand,

. . . as much as to say: "Come along, if you please!" Markéloff turned and left the room.—Pákhlin pressed his hand, mentally, it is true, but with bitter sympathy and compassion.

"And we will send our fine fellows to the factory,"—went on the Governor.—"Only, see here, Borís: it occurs to me—that gentleman"—(he indicated Pákhlin with his chin)—"gave thee a bit of information concerning thy relative. . . . To the effect, that she is yonder, at that factory. . . Then what is to be done? . . . ."

"She must not be arrested, in any case,"—remarked Sipyágin with profound thoughtfulness. "Perhaps she will come to her senses, and return home. I will write a note to her, if thou wilt permit."

"Pray do so. And, altogether, thou mayest feel assured. . . *Nous coffrerons le quidam . . . mais nous sommes galants avec les dames . . . et avec celle-là, donc!*"

"But you are making no arrangements with regard to that Solómin," plaintively exclaimed Kallomyeítzeff, who had been pricking up his ears all the while, and trying to hear the Governor's little apart with Sipyágin.—"I assure you he is the chief ring-leader! I have a scent for such things . . . such a fine scent!"

"*Pas trop de zèle,* my dearest Semyón Petróvitch,"—remarked the Governor with a grin.—"Remember Talleyrand! If that is the fact, he

shall not escape us either! You would do better to meditate upon your . . . kkk . . k!"—And the Governor made a gesture of strangling about his throat. . . . "Yes, and by the way,"—he turned again to Sipyágin:—"*et ce gaillard—là!*"—(he again indicated Pákhlin with his chin).—"*Qu'en ferons nous?* He's not very alarming to look at."

"Release him,"—said Sipyágin softly, and added in German:—"*Lass' den Lumpen laufen!*"

For some reason or other, he had an idea that he was quoting from Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen."

"You may go, my dear sir!"—said the Governor aloud.—"We have no further use for you. Good-bye for the present!"

Pákhlin made a general salute, and went out into the street, thoroughly humiliated and crushed. O God! O God! this scorn had dealt him the final blow.

"What is this?"—he thought with inexpressible despair:—"Am I both a coward and an informer? But no . . . no: I am an honest man, gentleman,—and I am not yet stripped of all courage!"

But what familiar figure was that which was planted there, on the porch of the Governor's house, and regarding him with a melancholy gaze, filled with reproach? Why, it was—Markéloff's

aged servant. Evidently, he had come to the town for his master, and would not quit his prison. . . Only, why was he gazing like that at Pákhlin? For it was not he who had surrendered Markéloff!

"And why did I thrust myself into a business wherein I had no part or lot whatever?"—he pursued his despairing reflections.—"Why could n't I have sat quietly at home, in the shop?—But now they are saying, and, I suppose, writing also, that a certain Mr. Pákhlin told everything, betrayed them . . . his friends—betrayed them to their enemies!"—Here he recalled the glance flung at him by Markéloff, he recalled his last words: "Thou canst not whisper thyself out of the scrape!"—and here were those aged, dejected, murdered eyes!—And, as it is written in the Scriptures, "he wept bitterly,"—and wended his way to the oasis, to Fómushka and Fímushka and Snandúliya.

XXXVI

When Marianna, on that same morning, came out of her room, she beheld Nezhdánoff, dressed and seated on the divan. With one hand he was supporting his head, the other lay helpless and motionless on his knees.—She went up to him.

"Good morning, Alexyéi. . . . Hast thou not undressed? hast thou slept? How pale thou art!"

His heavy eyelids slowly raised.

"I have not been undressed. I have not slept."

"Art thou ill? Or is this a trace from yesterday?"

Nezhdánoff shook his head.

"I have not slept since Solómin went into thy room."

"When?"

"Yesterday evening."

"Alexyéi, art thou jealous? Here's something new! And a pretty time thou hast chosen to be jealous! He did not remain with me more than a quarter of an hour. . . And we talked about his cousin, the priest,—and about how our marriage was to be managed."

"I know that he remained only a quarter of an hour:—I saw when he came out. And I am not

jealous, oh, no! But, nevertheless, I have not been able to get to sleep since."

"Why not?"

Nezhdánoff made no reply for a while.

"I have been thinking . . . thinking . . . thinking!"

"What about?"

"About thee . . . about him . . . and about myself."

"And at what conclusion hast thou arrived?"

"Shall I tell thee, Marianna?"

"Yes, tell me."

"I thought—that I was—in thy way . . and in his . . . and in my own."

"Mine? His? I imagine what thou intendest to say by that, although thou affirmest that thou art not jealous.—But how about thyself?"

"Marianna, there are two men in me—and one will give the other no peace. And so I think that it would be better if both of them were to cease to live."

"Come, stop that, Alexyéi, please.—What is the use of torturing thyself—and me? What we must do now is to consider what measures ought to be adopted. . . For they certainly will not leave us in peace."

Nezhdánoff took her hand affectionately.

"Sit down by my side, Marianna, and let us have a little chat, in a friendly way.—There is time enough for that.—Give me thy hand.—It

seems to me that it would not be a bad thing if we were to have an explanation,—although they say that all explanations, as a general thing, lead to still greater confusion. But thou art clever and good; thou wilt understand everything—and what I do not say in full, thou wilt fill out in thought. Sit down."

Nezhdánoff's voice was very tranquil—and a certain peculiar, friendly tenderness and entreaty shone in his eyes, which were intently fixed on Marianna.

She instantly and willingly seated herself beside him, and took his hand.

"Now, thanks, my dear one,—and listen. I shall not detain thee long. I have already prepared everything in my mind, during the night—all that I must say to thee. Now—listen.—Do not think that the occurrence of last evening disturbed me too much: I probably have been very ridiculous, and somewhat odious; but, of course, thou hast not thought anything evil or low about me . . . . thou knowest me.—I have said that that occurrence had not disturbed me; that is not true, that is nonsense . . . it did disturb me, but not because I was brought home drunk;—but because it definitively proved to me my bankruptcy! Not only in that I cannot drink as other Russian men drink—but altogether! altogether!—Marianna, I am bound to tell thee that I no longer believe in the cause which has

united us, by virtue of which we fled together from that house, and toward which—to speak the truth—I had already grown cold—when thy fire warmed and ignited me:—I do not believe in it! I do not believe in it!"

He placed his free hand on his eyes, and remained silent for a moment. . . . . Marianna, also, uttered not a word, and dropped her eyes. . . She was conscious that he was not telling her anything new.

"I used to think,"—went on Nezhdánoff, removing his hand from his eyes, no longer looking at Marianna,—"that I did believe in the cause—and merely doubted myself, my own strength, my skill; my abilities, I thought, were not proportionate to my convictions. . . But, obviously, it is not possible to separate these two things,—and why deceive myself? No—I do not believe *in the cause itself*.—And dost thou believe in it, Marianna?"

Marianna drew herself up, and raised her head.

"Yes, Alexyéi, I do believe in it. I believe in it with all the powers of my soul.—And I will consecrate my whole life to that cause! To my very last breath!"

Nezhdánoff turned toward her, and scrutinised her whole person with a touched and envious glance.

"Yes, exactly so; I expected that reply.—So now thou seest that we have nothing to do to-

gether: thou thyself, with one blow, hast cut asunder our bond."

Marianna said nothing.

"And there is Solómin,"—began Nezhdánoff again,—"although he does not believe either . . . ."

"What?"

"No! He does not believe in it . . . and there is no need for him to do so: he is calmly advancing forward. A man who is walking along the road to the town does not ask himself: 'Does the town actually exist?' He walks on and on. That is the way it is with Solómin. And nothing more is necessary. But I . . . cannot go ahead; I will not go back; to remain in one spot is—loathsome. To whom can I propose that he shall be my companion? Thou knowest the proverb: 'One is aiming at one end, the other at another—and how can the matter work smoothly? And if one cannot endure it—what is the other to do?'"

"Alexyéi,"—said Marianna irresolutely,—"it seems to me that thou art exaggerating.—We love each other, do we not?"

Nezhdánoff heaved a deep sigh.

"Marianna . . . I bow down before thee . . . and thou hast pity on me,—and each of us is convinced of the other's honesty: that is the actual truth! But there is no love between us."

"But stay, Alexyéi; what art thou saying? Why, this very day, this very moment, they will

come in pursuit of us. . . . Surely we must go away together, and not part. . ."

"Yes; and go to Pope Zosíma, in order that he may marry us, in accordance with Solómin's suggestion. I know very well that in thine eyes this marriage is nothing more than a passport, a means of avoiding difficulties with the police . . . but, nevertheless, in a certain manner, it does impose obligations . . . to live together, side by side . . . or, if it does not *oblige,* at all events, it presupposes the desire to live together."

"What is the meaning of this, Alexyéi? Thou wilt remain here?"

"Yes!" came near bursting from Nezhdánoff's tongue; but he changed his mind, and said:

"N . . . n . . . No."

"In that case, thou wilt go off to some other place than the one whither I shall go?"

Nezhdánoff pressed her hand firmly, as it still lay in his hand.

"It would be a crime to leave thee without a protector, without a defender—and that I shall not do, bad as I may be. Thou shalt have a defender. . . Do not doubt that!"

Marianna bent toward Nezhdánoff,—and anxiously putting her face close to his, she tried to look into his eyes, into his soul—his very soul.

"What is the matter with thee, Alexyéi? What hast thou on thy heart? Tell me! . . . . Thou makest me uneasy. Thy words are so enig-

matic, so strange. . . . And thy face! I have never seen thee look like this!"

Nezhdánoff gently repulsed her, and gently kissed her hand. This time she did not resist—and did not laugh—but continued to gaze at him with anxiety and trepidation.

"Please do not worry. There is nothing strange about it.—My whole misfortune lies here. They say that the peasants thrashed Markéloff; he has had a taste of their fists, they have crushed in his ribs. . . . The peasants have not thrashed me, they have even drunk with me, drunk to my health . . . . but they have crushed in my soul worse than they have Markéloff's ribs. I was born out of joint. . . I have tried to straighten myself out, and have put myself more out of joint than before. Precisely that is what thou descriest on my face."

"Alexyéi," — said Marianna slowly: — "it would be a sin for thee not to be frank with me."

He clasped his hands tightly.

"Marianna, my whole being lies before thee, as in the palm of my hand; whatever I may do, I tell you beforehand: in reality, there is no cause, none whatever, for thee to feel surprised!"

Marianna was on the point of demanding an explanation of these words, but did not ask it, nevertheless . . and, moreover, at that moment, Solómin entered the room. His movements were more brisk and abrupt than usual. His eyes were

screwed up, his thick lips were closely compressed, his whole face seemed to have grown pointed, and to have assumed a cold, firm, and rather harsh expression.

"My friends,"—he began:—"I have come to tell you that you must make no delay. Make ready . . it is time for us to set out. You must be prepared an hour hence. You must go and get married. There is no news whatever from Pákhlin; his horses were first detained at Arzhánoe, and then sent back. . . . He remained there. Probably he has been carried off to the town. He will not turn informer, of course, but, God knows, he will blab, in all probability. And they might find out through the horses. My cousin is forewarned. Pável will go with you. He will also act as your witness."

"And you . . . and thou?"—asked Nezhdánoff.—"Art not thou going also? I see that thou art dressed for a journey,"—he added, indicating, with a glance, the tall wading-boots in which Solómin had entered.

"Oh, I . . . just happened . . so . . it is muddy in the yard."

"But thou wilt not be held responsible for us?"

"I think not . . . in any case—that is my business. And so, an hour hence.—Marianna, Tatyána wishes to see you. She has made some preparations there."

"Ah! Yes! I had been meaning to go to her. . ."

Marianna went toward the door. . . .

A strange expression, something in the nature of terror, of pain, was depicted on Nezhdánoff's countenance. . .

"Marianna, art thou going away?"—he suddenly said, in a feeling voice. She stopped.

"I will return in half an hour. It will not take me long to pack."

"Yes; but come to me. . . ."

"Certainly;—why?"

"I want to take one more look at thee."—He looked at her with a long gaze.

"Farewell, farewell, Marianna!"—She was astonished.—"What the deuce . . . what am I saying? That was only . . . a slip of the tongue. —Thou wilt return in half an hour, wilt thou not? Yes?"

"Of course. . ."

"Well, yes . . . yes. . . . Pardon me. My head is all in a snarl, with lack of sleep.—I will pack also . . . immediately."

Marianna left the room. Solómin was about to follow her.

Nezhdánoff stopped him.

"Solómin!"

"What is it?"

"Give me thy hand. I must thank thee for thy hospitality."

Solómin laughed.

"What an idea!"—Nevertheless, he gave him his hand.

"And here is one thing more,"—pursued Nezhdánoff:—"if anything should happen to me, may I depend upon thee that thou wilt not abandon Marianna?"

"Thy future wife?"

"Well, yes—Marianna!"

"In the first place, I am convinced that nothing will happen to thee: and in the second place, thou mayest rest easy:—Marianna is as precious to me as she is to thee."

"Oh! I know that . . . . I know it . . . . I know it! Well, very good indeed. And thanks. —So, in an hour."

"In an hour."

"I shall be ready. Good-bye."

Solómin left the room, and overtook Marianna on the staircase. He had intended to say something to her about Nezhdánoff—but held his peace. And Marianna, on her side, understood that Solómin had intended to say something to her—and precisely about Nezhdánoff—and that he had refrained.—And she, also, held her peace.

XXXVII

THE very moment Solómin was gone, Nezhdánoff sprang from the divan, strode from one corner of the room to the other a couple of times, then stood still for a moment, in a sort of stony meditation, in the middle of the room; then he gave a sudden start, flung off his "masquerade" costume, kicked it into a corner, got out, and donned his former clothing.—Then he went to the three-legged table, took from the drawer two sealed documents and some other small object, thrust it into his pocket, and left the papers on the table. Then he squatted down on his heels in front of the stove, opened the fire-door. . . . There was a whole heap of ashes in the stove. This was all that remained of Nezhdánoff's papers, of the private note-book. . . . He had burned them all in the course of the night. But there, also, in the stove, on one side, leaning against one of the walls, was Marianna's portrait, which Markéloff had given him. Evidently, he had lacked the courage to burn that portrait! Nezhdánoff carefully took it out and placed it beside the sealed papers.

Then, with a decided movement of the hand,

he seized his cap, and was on the point of going to the door . . . but paused, turned back, and entered Marianna's room. There he stood for a moment, glanced around him, and approaching her narrow bed, he bent down—and with one dumb sob, he pressed his lips to the pillow, and to the foot of the bed. . . . Then he suddenly straightened himself up and, pulling his cap down on his forehead, he rushed out.

Nezhdánoff slipped out into the flower-garden, having met no one, either in the corridor, or on the stairs, or below. It was a grey day, the sky hung low, a damp wind was moving the tips of the grass and rocking the leaves on the trees; the factory was banging and clanking less than usual at the same hour on other days; from its yard there was wafted an odour of coal, tar, grease.—Nezhdánoff cast a keen and suspicious glance around him, and walked straight to that aged apple-tree which had attracted his attention, on the very day of his arrival, when he had looked, for the first time, out of the windows of his tiny quarters. The trunk of the apple-tree was overgrown with dry moss; roughish, bare shoots, with reddish-green leaves dangling here and there, rose crookedly upward, like aged, beseeching arms, bent at the elbows. Nezhdánoff took up a firm stand on the dark earth which surrounded the root of the apple-tree, and drew from his pocket that small object which had been in the table-

drawer.—Then he cast an attentive glance at the windows of the wing. . . . . "If any one were looking at me, at this moment," he thought, "then, perhaps, I would defer. . ." But not a single human face showed itself anywhere . . . as though everything were dead, as though everything had turned away from him, had withdrawn far away forever, had left him to the arbitrary will of Fate.—Only the factory went on humming and stinking, and overhead, fine, needle-like drops of cold rain began to fall.

Then Nezhdánoff, casting a glance athwart the crooked branches of the tree, beneath which he was standing, at the low-hanging, grey, unsympathetically-blind and wet sky, yawned, stretched, thought: "There is nothing else left for me to do; I will not go back to Petersburg, to prison," flung his cap far from him, and with a preliminary sensation all over his body of a rather sweet, strong, languid effort, he placed the revolver against his breast, and pulled the trigger. . . .

Something immediately struck him, and not very violently, either; . . . but he was already lying on his back, and trying to understand what had happened to him, and how it had come about that he had just seen Tatyána. . . . He even made an effort to call her, to say: "Akh! it is unnecessary!"—but he had already grown quite numb, and a turbid-grey whirlwind was circling

before his face, in his eyes, over his brow, in his brain—and something dreadfully heavy and flat was pressing him forever to the ground.

It was not without cause that Nezhdánoff fancied he saw Tatyána: at the very moment when he pressed the trigger of the revolver she had stepped to one of the windows of the wing, and had caught sight of him standing under the apple-tree. Before she had had time to think, "What is he standing there for, under the apple-tree, bareheaded, in this sort of weather?"—he fell headlong to the ground, like a sheaf of wheat. She did not hear the shot,—the sound of it was very faint,—but she instantly scented something bad, and rushed headlong down-stairs and into the garden. . . . She ran up to Nezhdánoff. . . . . "Alexyéi Dmítritch, what is the matter with you?" But darkness already had seized him in its grasp. Tatyána bent over him, and saw the blood. . .

"Pável!"—she shrieked, in an altered voice. —"Pável!"

A few moments later, Marianna, Solómin, Pável, and a couple of the factory-hands were in the garden. They immediately raised Nezhdánoff and carried him into the wing, and laid him on that same divan on which he had passed his last night.

He lay on his back, with half-open, motionless eyes, with a purpling face, and a dull, prolonged

rattle in his throat, catching his breath from time to time, and apparently choking. Life had not yet left him.—Marianna and Solómin stood, one on each side of the divan, both almost as pale as Nezhdánoff himself. Both were shocked, shaken, annihilated—especially Marianna—but not surprised. "How was it that we did not foresee this?" flashed through their minds; and, at the same time, it seemed to them that they . . . yes, they had foreseen it.—When he had said to Marianna: "Whatever I may do, I tell thee in advance: thou must not be surprised at anything"—and again, when he had spoken of the two men who could not get on together within him—had not something in the nature of a dim foreboding stirred in her?—Then why had not she paused at once and reflected upon those words and that foreboding?—Why was it that now she did not dare to glance at Solómin, as though he were her accomplice . . as though he, also, felt the gnawings of conscience? Why was she so illimitably, so desperately sorry for Nezhdánoff, but also so terrified, so pained—and conscience-stricken? Perhaps it had depended upon her to save him? Why was it that neither of them dared utter a word? They hardly dared breathe—and were waiting for . . . what? Oh, my God!

Solómin sent for a doctor, although, of course, there was not the slightest hope. Tatyána laid

a large sponge, soaked in cold water, on Nezhdánoff's small, already blackening and bloodless wound, and also dampened his hair with water and vinegar. All at once, Nezhdánoff ceased to rattle in the throat, and began to stir.

"He is regaining consciousness,"—whispered Solómin.

Marianna knelt down by the divan. . . . Nezhdánoff looked at her . . . . up to that time his eyes had been fixed like those of all dying persons.

"I am still . . . alive"—he said, almost inaudibly.—"I have failed even in this, too. . . . I am detaining you."

"Alyósha,"—moaned Marianna.

"Well . . . it will soon be over. . . Dost thou remember, Marianna . . . . my poem . . . 'Surround me with flowers'? . . . . Where are the flowers? . . . . But why art thou there? . . . . Yonder, in my letter . . . ."

He suddenly began to tremble all over.

"Okh, here she is. . . Give your . . . hands to . . . each other—in my presence. . . . . Be quick . . . give them. . . ."

Solómin grasped Marianna's hand. Her head lay upon the divan, face downward, close to the wound.

Solómin himself stood straight and stern, as lowering as night.

"So . . . it is well . . . so. . . ."

Again Nezhdánoff began to gasp for breath, but in an unusual way now. . . . His chest was inflated, his sides were contracted. . . .

He was evidently trying to lay his hand on their clasped hands, but his hands were already dead.

"He is passing away,"—whispered Tatyána, as she stood by the door, and she began to cross herself.

The panting breaths became rarer, briefer. . . . His gaze still sought Marianna . . . but a sort of dreadful pallor was already veiling his eyes from within. . . .

"It is well"—were his last words.

He was dead . . . . but the clasped hands of Solómin and Marianna still rested on his breast.

The following is what he had written in the two brief notes. One was addressed to Sílin, and consisted of a few lines only:

"Farewell, brother, friend, farewell! When thou receivest this scrap of paper,—I shall be no more. Ask not how, why,—and do not grieve; know that I am better off now. Take our immortal Púshkin, and read in 'Evgény Onyégin' the description of Lénsky's death. Remember: 'The windows are whitened with chalk; the master is no more' . . . and so forth. That is all. I have nothing to say to thee—because I should have to say too much, and there is no time. But I did not want to go away without informing thee; for then thou

wouldst have thought of me as living, and I should have sinned against our friendship. Farewell; live on.

"Thy friend, A. N."

The second letter was somewhat longer. It was addressed to Solómin and Marianna.—The contents were as follows:

"My children!"

(Immediately after these words there was a break: something had been erased, or, rather, blotted out, as though tears had splashed there.)

"It may seem strange to you that I call you thus, being almost a child myself,—and thou, Solómin, art older than I, of course. But I am dying—and, as I stand at the end of life, I look upon myself as an old man. I am greatly to blame toward both of you, especially toward thee, Marianna—in that I have caused you so much sorrow—(I know, Marianna, that thou wilt grieve)—and have given you so much trouble. But what was to be done? I could find no other issue. I did not know how to *simplify myself;* the only thing that was left was to erase myself altogether.—Marianna, I should have been a burden, both to myself and to thee. Thou art magnanimous—thou wouldst have rejoiced in that burden, as in a fresh sacrifice; . . . . but I had no right to impose that sacrifice upon thee; thou hast a better and a greater business.—My children, permit me to unite you, as by a hand from beyond the grave.—You will be happy together. Marianna, thou wilt finally

fall in love with Solómin—and he . . . he fell in love with thee the moment he saw thee at the Sipyágins. That was no secret for me, although thou and I eloped together a few days later.—Akh, that morning! How magnificent, fresh, young it was! It seems to me now like a token, like a symbol of your double life,—his and thine;—and I merely happened to be there accidentally, in his stead. . But it is time to end; I have no desire to move you to pity. . . . I desire only to justify myself.—To-morrow will bring several painful moments. . . . . But what is to be done? There is no other issue, is there?—Farewell, Marianna, my fine, honest girl!—Farewell, Solómin!—I entrust her to thee.—Live happily—live with benefit to others; and do thou, Marianna, remember me only when thou art happy.—Think of me as of a man who also was good and honest, but for whom it was more decorous to die than to live.—Whether I have loved thee with love I do not know, dear friend, but I do not know that I have never experienced a stronger feeling, and that I should find it still more terrible to die if I did not bear that feeling with me to the grave.

"Marianna! If ever thou shalt meet a young girl, Mashúrin by name,—but—but Solómin knows her, and thou hast seen her, I think—tell her that I thought of her with gratitude not long before my end. . . She will understand.

"But I must tear myself away.—I have just looked out of the window:—one beautiful star was hanging amid the scurrying storm-clouds.—No matter how swiftly they swept past, they could not conceal it. That star reminded me of thee, Marianna.—At this moment

thou art sleeping in the adjoining room—and suspectest nothing. . . . I have been to thy door, and laid my ear against it, and it seemed to me that I detected thy pure, calm breathing. Farewell! farewell! Farewell, my children, my friends!

"Your A.

"Ba, ba, ba! How is it that in my *dying* letter I have said nothing about our great cause?—Evidently, because, in the face of death, it is no longer necessary to lie. . . . Marianna, forgive me for this postscript. . . The lie was in me . . . and not in that in which thou believest!

"Yes! one thing more: perhaps thou art thinking, Marianna: 'He was afraid of the prison, where they would infallibly have placed him—and has found *this* means of escaping it'?—No; the prison is of no importance; but to be incarcerated in prison on account of a cause in which one does not believe is—entirely unfitting. And I am making an end of myself—not out of fear of prison.

"Farewell, Marianna! Farewell, my pure, untouched one!"

Marianna and Solómin read this letter in turn.—Then she placed her portrait and both the documents in her pocket,—and remained motionless.

Then Solómin said to her:

"All is ready, Marianna; let us go. We must fulfil his will."

Marianna went up to Nezhdánoff, touched her lips to his brow, which was already growing cold,

and, turning to Solómin, she said:—"Let us go."

He took her by the hand and they both left the room.

When, a few hours later, the police made a descent upon the factory, they found Nezhdánoff, of course—but a corpse.—Tatyána had laid him out neatly, had put a white pillow under his head, had crossed his hands, had even placed a bouquet of flowers on a table by his side.—Pável, having received all requisite instructions, received the police officials with the utmost obsequiousness, and with equal derision,—so that they did not know whether to thank him or to arrest him. He narrated to them, in detail, how the suicide had taken place; he fed them with Swiss cheese, he gave them Madeira to drink;—but with regard to the present whereabouts of Vasíly Feodótitch and the strange young lady, he asserted his utter ignorance, and merely confined himself to the statement that Vasíly Feodótitch never absented himself for long together—because of business;—that he would be back on the morrow, if not that same day, and then, without losing a minute, would report himself in town.—He was a punctilious man about that sort of thing!

So the officials went off as wise as they came, after placing a guard over the body, and having promised to send the coroner.

XXXVIII

A couple of days after these events there drove into the yard of the "obliging" Father Zosíma a peasant-cart, in which sat two men and a woman, with whom we are already acquainted—and, on the day following their arrival, they were joined in matrimony. Soon after that, they disappeared, and good Zosíma did not grieve in the least over what he had done. At the factory, which Solómin had abandoned, a letter was found which was addressed to the proprietor, and was handed to him by Pável; it contained a full and detailed account of the state of the business—it was brilliant,—and requested a three months' leave of absence. This letter had been written two days before the death of Nezhdánoff, from which the conclusion might have been drawn that Solómin even then had considered it necessary to go away with him and Marianna, and to hide for a season. The inquest, which took place in consequence of the suicide, revealed nothing.—They buried the body; Sipyágin ceased all further search for his niece.

And nine months later Markéloff was tried, and at the trial he bore himself exactly as he had

done toward the Governor: calmly, not without dignity, and in rather a depressed manner.—His customary abruptness had softened down—but not through pusillanimity: a different, a more noble sentiment had a share in this.—He did not defend himself in any particular, he repented of nothing, he accused no one, and mentioned no names; his haggard face, with its dimmed eyes, maintained one expression: of submission to Fate, and of firmness; and his brief, but straightforward and truthful answers aroused in his very judges a feeling that was akin to compassion. Even the peasants, who had captured him and who testified against him,—even they shared that sentiment,—and spoke of him as a "simple" and good gentleman. But his offence was too flagrant; he could not escape punishment; and apparently, he himself accepted that punishment as his due.—Out of the remaining participants in the cause—who were not numerous, however,—Miss Mashúrin went into hiding; Ostrodúmoff was murdered by a petty burgher whom he was inciting to rebellion, and who hit him "awkwardly"; Golúshkin, in virtue of his "sincere repentance"—(he nearly went out of his mind with terror and grief)—was subjected to a light punishment; Kislyakóff was held for a month under arrest, and then he was released, and was not even prevented from again "galloping" over the governments; death had set Nezhdánoff

free; Solómin, in default of proofs, was left under some suspicion,—and in peace. (However, he had not avoided trial, but had presented himself at the proper time.) There was not even any question as to Marianna. . . . Pákhlin finally managed to wriggle out of the scrape; and no special attention was paid to him, anyway.

A year and a half elapsed; the winter of 1870 came. In Petersburg, in that very Petersburg where Privy Councillor and Court Chamberlain Sipyágin was preparing to play a prominent part, where his wife was the patroness of all the arts, gave musical evenings, and established cheap kitchens—and Mr. Kallomyeítzeff was regarded as one of the most trustworthy officials in his department,—along one of the lines on Vasíly Island,[1] a small man, in a modest coat with a catskin collar, was walking, limping and swaying slightly from side to side as he went. It was Pákhlin. He had changed considerably of late; silver threads were visible in the locks of hair on his temples, which peeped out from beneath the rim of his fur cap.—Along the sidewalk there advanced toward him a rather plump lady, tall of stature, who was carefully wrapped up in a cloak of dark cloth.—Pákhlin cast a preoccu-

[1] A ward of the city, directly across the Nevá from the main part. Peter the Great originally intended to make it the centre of the town, and began to construct canals that it might resemble a Dutch town. The cross-streets are called "lines" and numbered.—Translator.

pied glance at her, passed by . . . then suddenly halted, reflected, threw his hands apart—and wheeling about with animation, and overtaking her, he peered up under her bonnet into her face.

"Miss Mashúrin?"—he said in a low tone.

The lady majestically measured him with a stare, and, without uttering a word, went her way.

"My dear Miss Mashúrin, I have recognised you,"—pursued Pákhlin, limping along by her side,—"only, you need have no apprehensions. I shall not betray you, you know—I am *too* delighted to meet you!—I am Pákhlin, Síla Pákhlin, you know, the friend of Nezhdánoff. . . . Drop in at my house:—I live two steps from here. . . . Pray do!"

"*Io sono Contessa Rocca di Santo-Fiume!*"—replied the lady, in a low tone, but with a wonderfully pure Russian accent.

"Well, if you 're a contessa . . . . let 's call it contessa. . . . Come in, let 's have a chat. . . ."

"But where do you live?"—asked the Italian countess suddenly, in Russian.—"I am pressed for time."

"I live here, in this line; there is my house yonder, that grey, three-story house.—How good you are not to try to be mysterious with me! Give me your arm; come on.—Have you been here long? And why are you a countess? Have you married some Italian count?"

Miss Mashúrin had not married any count whatever: she had been furnished with a passport, issued in the name of a certain Countess Rocca di Santo-Fiume, who had died not long before; and, armed with this, she had coolly betaken herself to Russia, although she understood not a single word of Italian and had the most Russian face possible.

Pákhlin conducted her to his modest quarters. His hunchbacked sister, with whom he lived, came out from behind the partition which separated the tiny kitchen from the equally tiny anteroom, to welcome the visitor.

"Here, Snápotchka,"—said he,—"let me introduce my greatest friend; give us tea as quickly as possible."

Miss Mashúrin, who would not have gone to Pákhlin's had he not mentioned Nezhdánoff's name, removed her hat, and, smoothing with her masculine hand her hair, which was clipped close, as in former days, bowed and seated herself in silence. She had not changed in the least; her very gown was the same that she had worn two years previously; but a certain impassive grief had settled down in her eyes, which imparted a somewhat touching character to the habitually grim expression of her face.

Snandúlya ran to prepare the samovár, and Pákhlin placed himself by the side of Miss Mashúrin, tapped her lightly on the knee, and hung

his head; and when he tried to speak, was forced first to clear his throat; his voice broke, and small tear-drops glistened in his eyes.—Miss Mashúrin sat motionless and stiff, and did not lean against the back of her chair, and stared gloomily aside.

"Yes, yes,"—began Pákhlin,—"those were affairs! When I look at you I recall . . . many things, and many people.—Dead and living.—My love-birds are dead . . . but you did not know them, I think;—and both, as I predicted, died on the same day.—Nezhdánoff . . . . poor Nezhdánoff! . . . . Probably you know. . . ."

"Yes, I know,"—said Miss Mashúrin, still with averted gaze.

"And do you know about Ostrodúmoff, also?"

Miss Mashúrin merely nodded her head. She wanted him to go on talking about Nezhdánoff—but she could not bring herself to ask him to do so.—But he understood her, nevertheless.

"I heard that he mentioned you in his dying letter.—Is that true?"

Miss Mashúrin did not immediately reply.

"Yes,"—she said at last.

"He was a splendid man. Only, he got out of his proper sphere!—he was no more of a revolutionist than I am! Do you know what he really was?—A romanticist of realism! Do you understand me?"

Miss Mashúrin darted a swift glance at Pá-

khlin. She did not understand him, and she would not take the trouble to understand him.—It struck her as improper and strange that he should dare to compare himself to Nezhdánoff; but she thought: "Let him brag now." (Although he was not bragging in the least, but rather, according to his own notion, was humbling himself.)

"A certain Sílin hunted me up,"—went on Pákhlin;—"Nezhdánoff had written to him, also, before he died. And this is what he, that Sílin, asked: 'Was it not possible to find any papers of the deceased?'—But Alyósha's effects were sealed up . . . . and there were no papers; he had burned everything—he had burned even his verses.—Perhaps you were not aware that he wrote verses? I am sorry about them; I am convinced that some of them must have been far from bad.—All that vanished with him—everything fell into the general whirlpool—and sank forever! The only thing that is left is his memory in the hearts of his friends,—until they, also, shall vanish in their turn!"

Pákhlin relapsed into silence.

"The Sipyágins, on the other hand,"—he began again,—"you remember those patronising, pompous, repulsive big-wigs—are now at the summit of power and glory!"—Miss Mashúrin did not "remember" the Sipyágins at all; but Pákhlin hated both of them to such a degree—

especially him—that he could not deny himself the satisfaction of "giving them a tongue-lashing."—"People say they have such a lofty tone in their house!—They talk of nothing but virtue!! Only, I have noticed if virtue is talked of too much anywhere,—it 's all the same as though too much perfume is burned in the room of a sick person; some secret filthiness has certainly previously been perpetrated there.—It 's suspicious!—*They* ruined poor Alexyéi, those Sipyágins."

"How about Solómin?"—inquired Miss Mashúrin.—She had suddenly ceased to wish to hear any more about *him* from *that* man.

"Solómin!"—exclaimed Pákhlin.—"He 's a gallant fellow. He extricated himself splendidly. He has quitted his former factory, and taken the best men away with him.—There was one there . . . a dangerous fellow, they say! His name was Pável . . . and he took him away. Now, they say, he has his own factory—a small one—somewhere away off, in Perm, on some sort of a co-operative basis. That man won't dessert his business! He 'll cut his way through!—He has a sharp bill—and a strong one, to boot. He 's a fine, gallant fellow! And the chief point is: he 's no sudden healer of universal wounds. —For, what sort of a race are we Russians, anyway? We are always waiting: something or somebody is coming soon, we say, to heal us instan-

taneously, to cicatrise our wounds, to pull out all our maladies, like an aching tooth. Who will that magician be?—Darwinism? The rural districts? Arkhíp Perepéntieff? A foreign war? —whatever you please! Only, good sir, pull the tooth! !—All that is laziness, languor, lack of comprehension!—But Solómin is not of that sort; no,—he does n't pull teeth,—he 's a gallant fellow!"

Miss Mashúrin made a gesture with her hand, as much as to say: "Therefore, he should be wiped out."

"Well, and that young girl,"—she asked,—"I have forgotten her name—who was with him then—with Nezhdánoff—did she go away?"

"Marianna? Yes, she is now the wife of that same Solómin. She has been married to him for more than a year. At first, she merely accounted herself as such—but now, they say, she has become his real wife. Ye-es."

Again Miss Mashúrin made that gesture.

In times past she had been jealous of Marianna with Nezhdánoff; but now she was enraged with her—for how could she betray his memory? ! . . . "I suppose there is a child already?"—she added, with scorn.

"Perhaps. I do not know.—But where are you going, where?"—added Pákhlin, perceiving that she was taking her hat.—"Wait: Snápotchka will give us tea directly." He was not

so anxious to detain Miss Mashúrin, in particular, as he was not to let slip the opportunity for putting into words all that had been accumulating and seething in his soul.—Since Pákhlin's return to Petersburg he had seen very few people, especially young people.—The affair with Nezhdánoff had frightened him, he had become very cautious, and shunned society,—and young men, on their side, regarded him with suspicion. One had even cursed him to his face for an informer. He was not fond of intimacy with older people; hence it came to pass that he was sometimes forced to hold his tongue for weeks at a time. He did not utter his thoughts to his sister:—not because he considered her incapable of understanding them—oh, no! He had a high opinion of her mind. . . . But with her it was necessary to speak seriously, and with entire truthfulness; and just as soon as he began to "exaggerate," or "set off fireworks," she began to contemplate him with a peculiar, intent, and compassionate look;—and he felt ashamed of himself. But say, is it possible to get along without a little "exaggeration"? If you only have a deuce—why, trump with it! Hence Pákhlin had begun to find life in Petersburg repulsive, and he was already meditating a removal to Moscow, possibly.—Divers combinations, reflections, inventions, amusing or malicious remarks had accumulated within him, like water in a locked mill.

. . . The sluice-gate could not be raised; the water was becoming stagnant and slimy.—Miss Mashúrin turned up. . . And so he hoisted the sluice-gate and talked and talked.

Did Petersburg catch it, and Petersburg life, and all Russia?—Nobody and nothing received the slightest quarter!—All this possessed but mediocre interest for Miss Mashúrin; but she did not retort or interrupt him . . . and he demanded no more.

"Yes, ma'am," he said; "a merry little time has come, I can tell you! In society, perfect stagnation; everybody is hellishly bored! In literature, emptiness—you could roll a ball over the field! In criticism . . . if a leading young critic has to say that 'it is the property of a hen to lay eggs,' you must give him full twenty pages, to set forth this great truth—and even then he will hardly compass it! These gentlemen are as puffed up, I tell you, as feather-beds, as tiresomely prolix as a dish of bread steeped in kvas, —and, foaming at the mouth, they utter . . . commonplaces! In science . . . ha-ha-ha! *the learned Kant* is with us also; only, in the collars of the engineers! In art it is the same! Would n't you like to go to a concert to-day? You will hear the national singer Agremántsky. . . He enjoys great success. . . But if a bream with buckwheat groats—*a bream with buckwheat groats,* I tell you, were endowed with a voice, he would sing precisely as that gentleman does!—And that

same Skoropíkhin,—you know, our Aristarchus since time immemorial—praises him! 'That 's none of your Western art,' says he! And he praises our abominable painters also!—'I,' says he, 'was the first to go into raptures over Europe, over the Italians;—and I have heard Rossini, and I said to myself!—"Eh! eh!—I have seen Raphael. . Eh! eh! . . ." And that 'eh! eh!' is entirely sufficient for your young generation; and they repeat after Skoropíkhin: 'Eh! eh!'—and are content, just think of it! And at the same time the masses are frightfully wretched, the taxes have effected their definitive ruin; and the only thing which the reform has accomplished is that all the peasant men have donned the Russian cap, and the peasant women have abandoned their head-dresses. . . . And famine! and drunkenness! and the usurers!"

But at this point Miss Mashúrin yawned—and Pákhlin comprehended that he must change the conversation.

"You have not yet told me,"—he said to her,—"where you have been these two years, and whether you have been back here long—and what you have done—and how you have been converted into an Italian, and why? . . . ."

"There is no occasion for you to know all that,"—interrupted Miss Mashúrin:—"what 's the use? That is no longer in your line, you know."

Pákhlin seemed to have been stung by some-

thing,—and with the object of hiding his discomfiture, he laughed a short, constrained laugh.

"Well, as you like,"—he said;—"I know that in the eyes of the present generation I am a man who is not up to date; and, in fact, I cannot count myself . . . . in those ranks . . . ." He did not finish his phrase.—"Here is Snandúliya bringing us our tea. Drink a cup, and listen to me. . . Perhaps you will find something in my words which may prove of interest to you."

Miss Mashúrin took a cup and a piece of sugar, and began to drink, nibbling at the sugar.

Pákhlin laughed outright.

"It is a good thing that the police are not here, or the Italian countess . . . what the deuce is the name?"

"Rocca di Santo-Fiume,"—said Miss Mashúrin, with imperturbable dignity, as she sucked in a boiling stream of tea.

"Rocca di Santo-Fiume!"—repeated Pákhlin, —"and she drinks tea in Russian peasant fashion! Really, that is downright incredible! The police would suspect something at once."

"Some fellow or other,"—remarked Miss Mashúrin, "in uniform, bothered me at the frontier; he kept questioning me. When I could not endure it any longer, I said to him: 'Do let me alone, for God's sake!'"

"Did you say that to him in Italian?"

"No, in Russian."

"And what did he do?"

"What did he do? He went away, of course."

"Bravo!"—cried Pákhlin.—"Hey, there, contessa! Have another cup! Well, see here, this is what I wanted to say to you: you expressed yourself rather curtly about Solómin just now.—But do you know what I must inform you? Such as he are the real thing. You can't understand them at once, but they are the genuine article, believe me; and the future belongs to them. They are not heroes; they are not even those 'heroes of labour' about whom some eccentric man—an American or an Englishman—once wrote a book, for the edification of us miserable wretches; they are strong, grey, monotoned people of the masses. That 's the only kind that is needed now! Just look at Solómin: he is as clever as the day,—and healthy as a fish. . . . In what respect is n't he splendid! For, you see, with us in Russia, up to the present day, this has been the state of things: if you were a live man, with feeling, with knowledge—then, infallibly, you were a sick man! But Solómin's heart, I think, aches with the same pain as ours, and he hates the same things we hate,—but his nerves hold their peace—and his whole body obeys him, as it should, ... which signifies that he is a fine fellow! Upon my word: he 's a man with an ideal—and without phrases; he 's cultured—and from the common people; he 's

simple—and knows his own mind. . . . What more would you have? . . .

"And pay no heed to the fact,"—went on Pákhlin, waxing more and more fervent, and oblivious of the circumstances that Miss Mashúrin had not been listening to him for a long while past, and was again staring off somewhere in the distance,—"and pay no heed to the fact that, with us in Russia nowadays, all sorts of folks thrive: Slavyánophils, and officials, and simple men, and double-flowered generals, and epicureans, and imitators, and eccentric persons—(I used to know one lady, Khavrónya Pryshtchóff by name, who suddenly, without rhyme or reason, turned legitimist, and assured everybody that when she died all they would have to do would be to open her body, and on her heart they would find inscribed the name of Henry V. . And that in a Khavrónya Pryshtchóff, forsooth!)—Pay no heed to all this, my most respected madam, but understand that our true, our royal road lies there, where there are Solómins, grey, simple, crafty Solómins! Remember *when* I told you this—in the winter of 1870, when Germany is preparing to annihilate France—when . . . ."

"Sílushka,"—Snandúliya's gentle voice made itself heard behind Pákhlin's back,—"it seems to me that, in thy judgments as to the future, thou art forgetting our religion, and its influence. . .

It would be better if thou wouldst offer her another cup of tea."

Pákhlin corrected himself.

"Akh, yes, my most respected madam,—will you not, in fact? . . ."

But Miss Mashúrin slowly turned her dark eyes upon him, and said thoughtfully:

"I wanted to ask you, Pákhlin, have you not some note of Nezhdánoff's—or his photograph?"

"I have his photograph;—and a pretty good one, I think.—It is in the table.—I will hunt it up for you immediately."

He began to rummage in his drawer; and Snandúliya stepped up to Miss Mashúrin, and, after gazing long and intently at her, she pressed her hand, as that of a comrade.

"Here it is! I 've found it!"—exclaimed Pákhlin, and handed over the photograph. Miss Mashúrin hastily thrust it into her pocket,—after hardly a glance at it, and without saying, "Thank you,"—put on her hat, and walked toward the door.

"You are going?"—said Pákhlin.—"Where are you living, at least?"

"Wherever it happens."

"I understand you do not wish to have me know that. Well, please to tell me one thing, at least: are you still acting by the orders of Vasíly Nikoláevitch?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Or, perhaps, of some one else.—Of Sídor Sídoritch?"

Miss Mashúrin made no answer.

"Or does some anonymous individual give you your orders?"

Miss Mashúrin had already crossed the threshold.

"Well, perhaps it is some anonymous individual."

She slammed the door.

Pákhlin stood for a long time motionless in front of that closed door.

"Anonymous Russia!"—he said at last.